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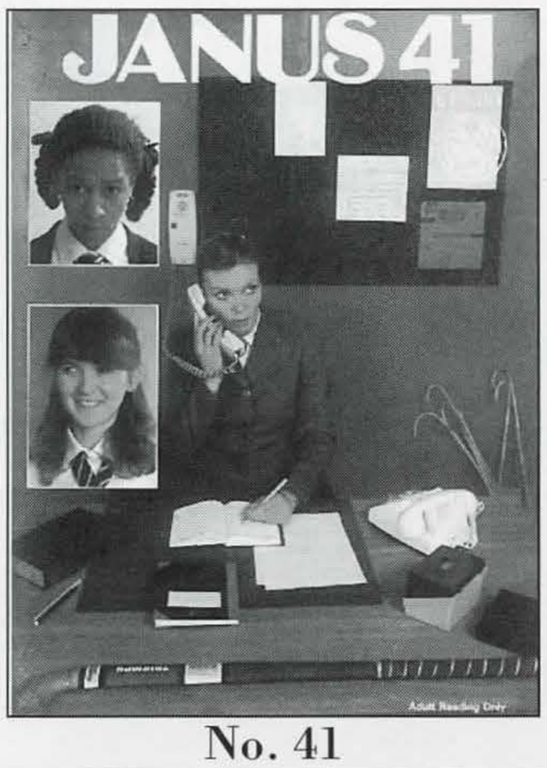

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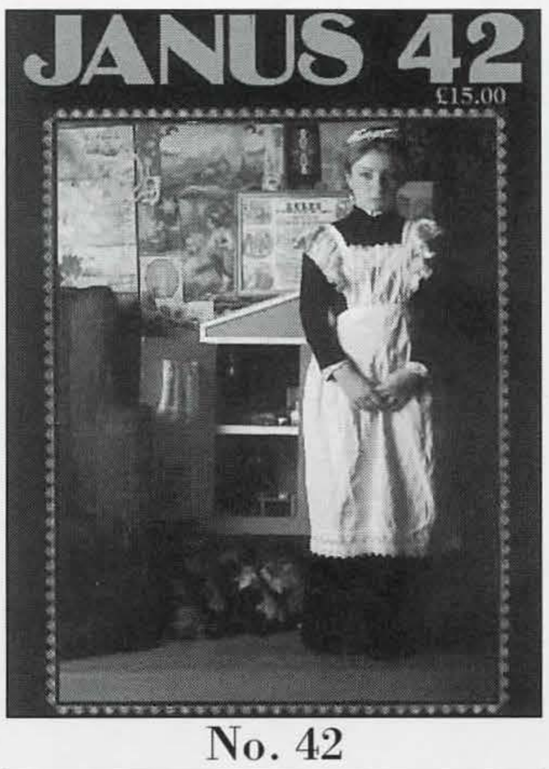

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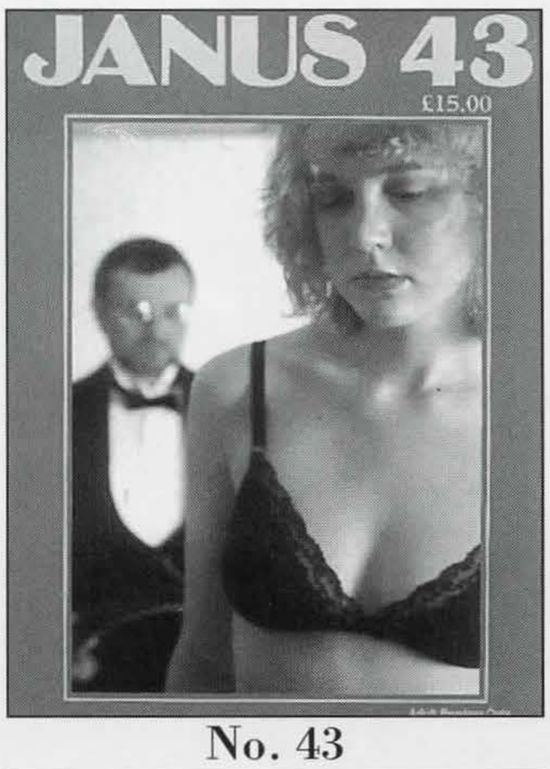

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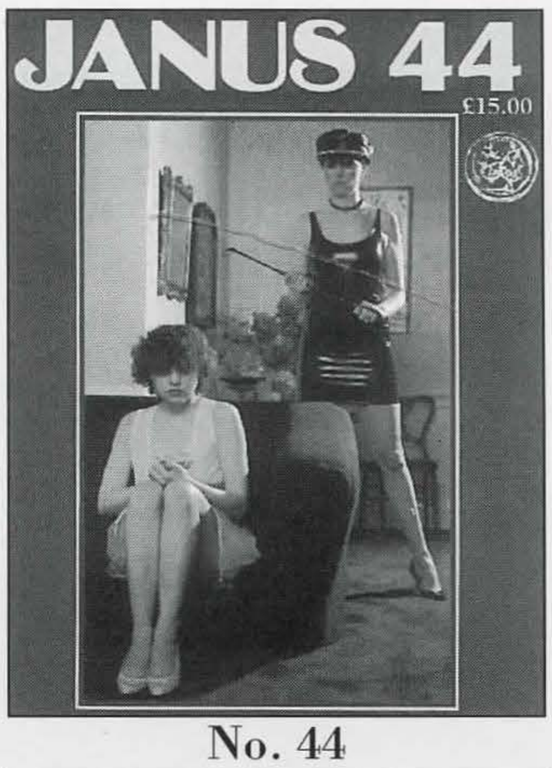

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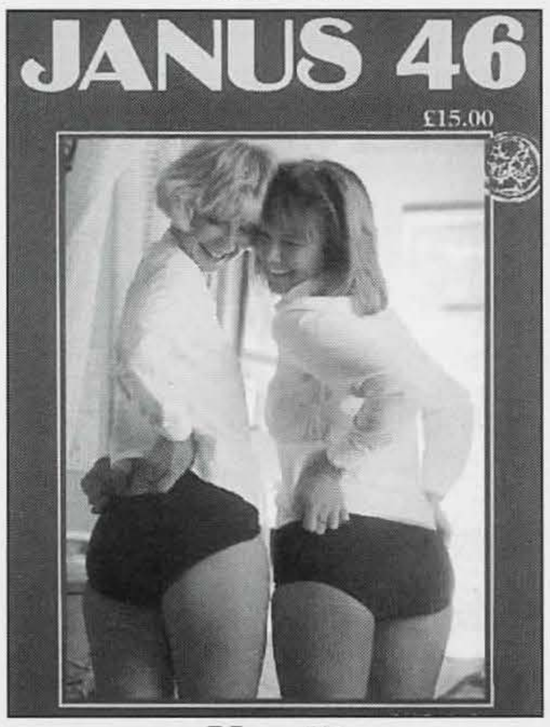

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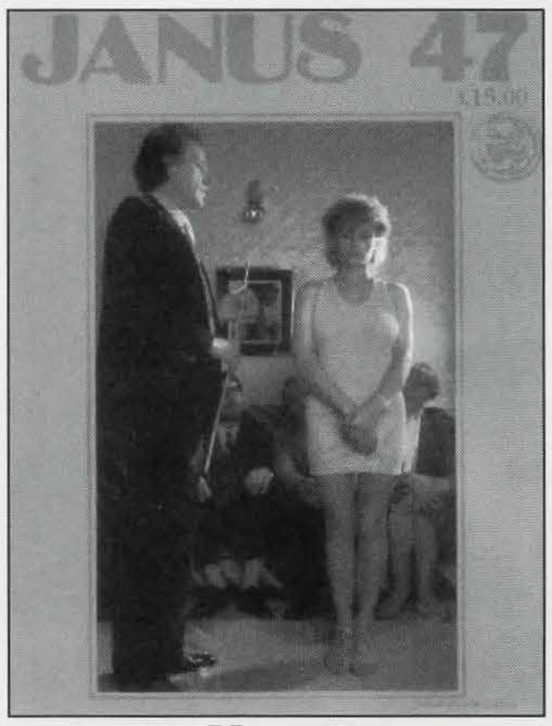

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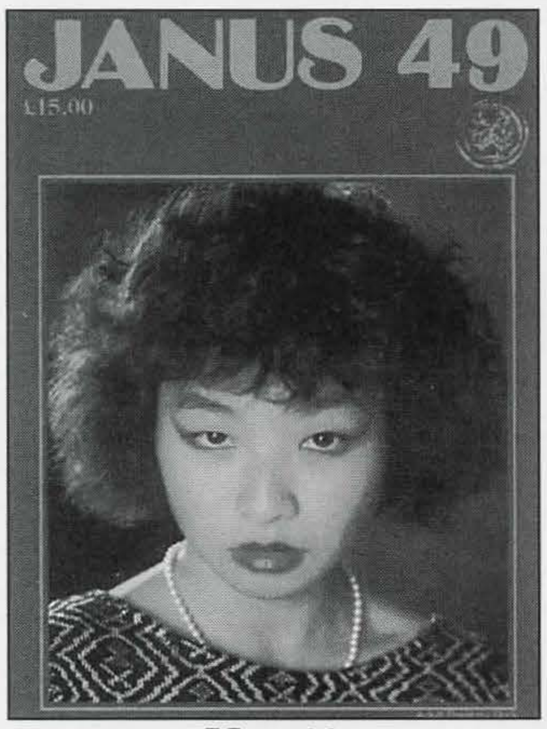

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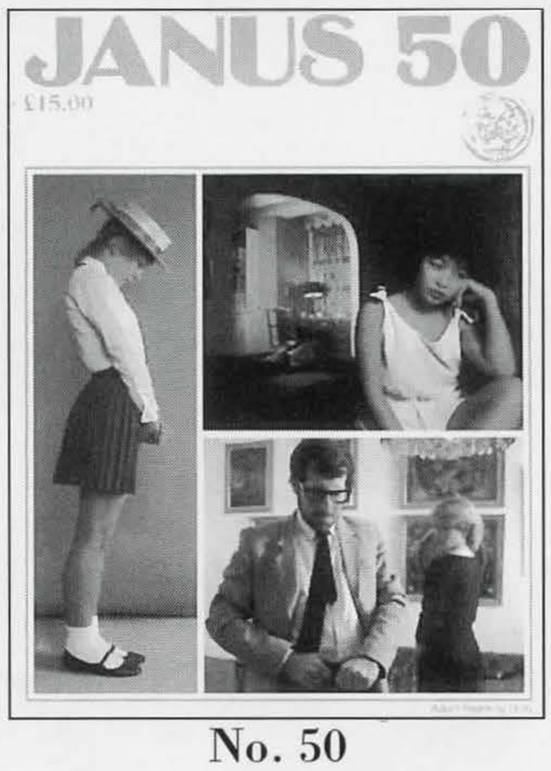

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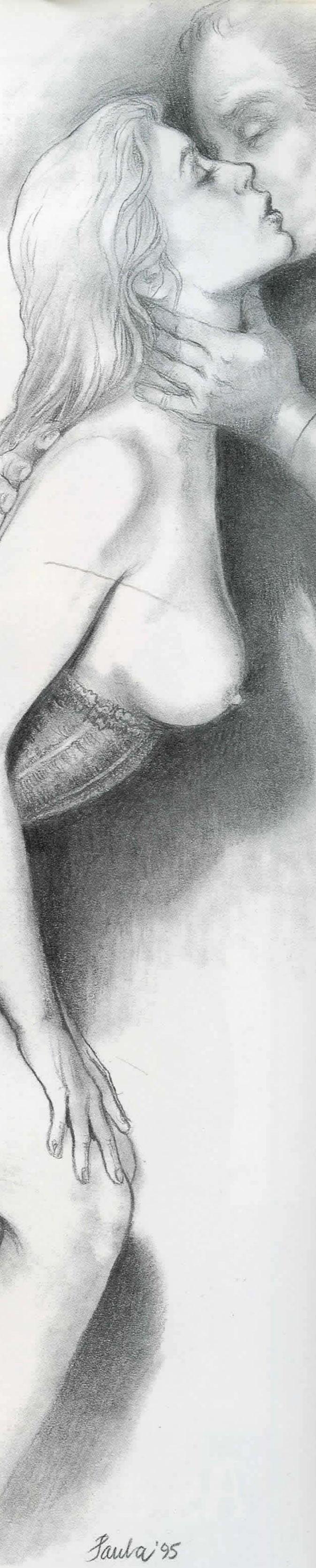

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As a Gentleman Switches His Cane

A Photo Story by Julie Holmes

'Sandra, come in here for a moment.'

"Sandra"? If he was using what her late grandmother used to call her "Sunday name" it must be serious. Sandy Briggs tottered into the room designated as the office without bothering to finish dressing. Her hair and make-up were in place and, to her, that was all that counted.

'What's up? Lost something on the computer again?' she asked.

'Not exactly.' Thomas Wickham, Sandy's long-term boyfriend/live-in lover/significant other/partner - and employer - had apparently found a variation on the daily crisis routine. Every morning, it seemed, he would go to start up the system to check the company's income and expenditure, draft correspondence or whatever, only to find that his disk was not acceptable or the password had changed its spelling. It generally took Sandy all of ten seconds to put matters right and then the day's business could begin.

Today, though, was slightly different. For one thing, it was a good hour earlier than Thomas usually started work. For another, it wasn't the monitor that held his attention but rather the stationery trays at the other end of the desk.

Amazingly, he was totally unmoved by Sandy's rather outlandish appearance. She generally dressed in an ambiguous manner so that she could enact various roles depending on who they were seeing at any given time. In a single working day she might be taken for a temporary secretary, a company director or a visiting sales rep. She had a wardrobe full of crisp white blouses, suits, skirts and accessories to produce endless variations on the theme of the "smart tart".

However, summoned an hour ahead of her normal schedule, she now presented a rather comic figure in her open shirt, padded bra and a garment that had not yet decided whether it was a slip or a skirt (too substantial for the one, too short for the other). Seamed fishnet stockings and high heels completed the rather depraved vision, yet Thomas did not even glance in her direction.

'Where am I going today, Sandy?' he asked, glancing worriedly between the computer and the paper in his hand.

She thought for a moment. 'Jenkins Pharmaceuticals isn't it?'

'That's what I thought,' her partner responded. 'Do you think that's what they think, too?' he asked.

'Well, of course. I've written to them to confirm the appointment.' She was puzzled by his tone.

'Yes, but they're not telepathic: it might have helped if you'd actually posted the letter instead of putting it in our own "Incoming Mail" tray!'

Her heart sank as she realised what had happened. 'Oh, Thomas, it was yesterday afternoon: someone knocked at the door and when I finished dealing with them I got straight on with preparing dinner. I completely forgot I hadn't finished the mail. I'll ring them and explain. It was only a confirmation letter, the details were sorted out on the 'phone last week.'

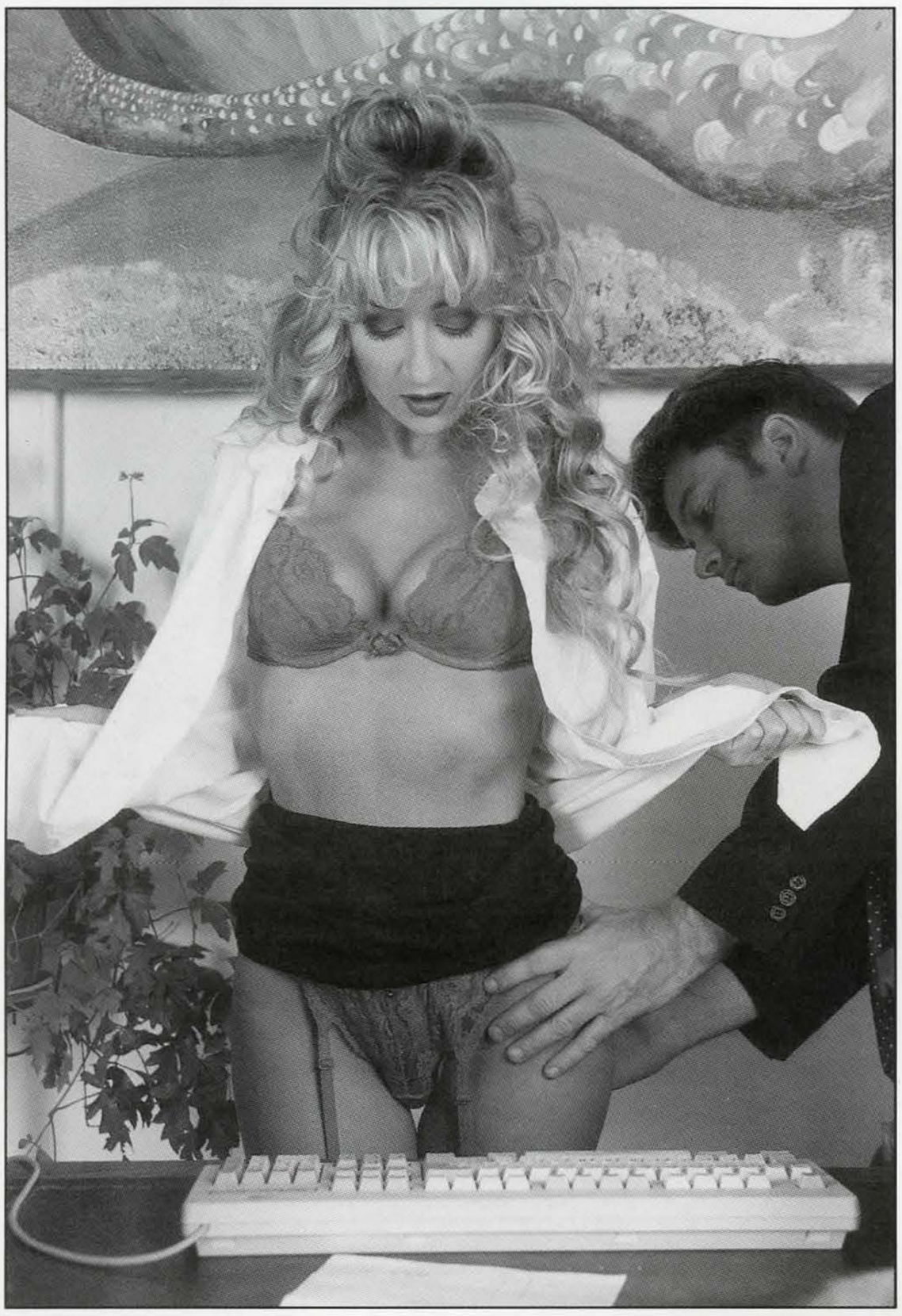
'Sandy, this arrangement isn't working. I warned you that running a business from the flat wouldn't work, no matter how much we spent on office furniture.'

That was another dig at her. She had spent weeks considering ways to convert the spare bedroom into a minimalistic efficient office and had been pleased with the results. Thomas, though, still hankered after over-furnished rented premises on a local trading estate. He sighed theatrically. Sandy pouted and posed in artful contrition. She wanted their business to be successful, but had little grasp of the process necessary for that success.

'Oh, grow up!' Thomas suddenly boomed. 'I'm sick of covering up for your inefficiency; fed up with your bimbo antics. I could keep a mistress and hire a decent secretary for a fraction of what I spend on you and I'd actually get some support from them.'

She was amazed at his genuine anger. She had known their relationship was past the fireworks and magic stage, but had not realised just how far it had deteriorated. She was about to make some soothing inanity when she found herself being pushed over the edge of the desk and a volley of swift spanks landing on her surprised near-naked buttocks.

'I can't think why it took me so long to realise what you needed,' Thomas growled, 'and don't bother arguing.'



She was too shocked to even think of protesting and when he told her to stay in position while he fetched something it never entered her cutely coiffed head to do anything else.

One reason she had opted for an under-stated look for the office was the fact that the rest of the apartment was crammed with various trophies and souvenirs of Thomas' sporting successes. When he re-entered the room he was carrying one of them: a table tennis bat.

'Let's use some of the lovely space you were so keen to create,' he suggested, pulling her by her elbow to the other side of the desk and pressing her face down on its polished surface once more. A flick of his wrist removed the obstruction of the over-sized shirt and the bat landed for the first time without preamble. It contrived to feel both hot and cold as it struck the soft flesh of her buttocks; the

sound reminded her of the squelch made when serving a well-set jelly. The second stroke was heavier and she was too preoccupied with absorbing the pain to conjure up cute comparisons for either its feel or sound.

By the time he had left seven distinct crimson discs on her rear she could no longer tell if it was the plain or dimpled side of the paddle he was using. Her feet were kicking and she was making an odd keening sound low down in her throat.

They were not a couple who had indulged in spanking games and as the discomfort became predictable, and therefore endurable, Sandy began to wonder at this turn of events. Was this classifiable as "wife beating"? Was she in danger? Somehow, she could not accept either of these notions and found herself intrigued as well as outraged as the bat continued to assail her and the

sounds echoed around the room.

And then, suddenly, it stopped. But only temporarily. The sound of her own moans and the ricocheting slaps had drowned out everything else, but Thomas had been listening for the doorbell. When it made its tasteful chime, he ordered Sandy to stay as she was and swiftly sat in his executive's chair. Using the entryphone, he told their visitor to enter.

Too embarrassed to look at the caller, Sandy remained facing forward, much to the amusement of the motorcycle courier making his delivery. To his credit, he did not break stride or express any surprise at the sight of Sandy's scarlet nates, although it was destined to be described in full lurid detail back at HQ.

'I sent for this while I was fetching the bat,' Thomas informed her conversationally. 'Hope you like it.'

Sandy was horrified when she saw him extract what she knew was a crook-handled cane from the cardboard tube. She had never been caned, but instinct told her the paddle was soon to become a fond memory in comparison.

Thomas used the tip of the cane to indicate her shirt.

'We'll have this off now, I think,' he announced and

as it slipped from her shoulders he used the crook to slide her flimsy scarlet briefs down her thighs. He was eager to apply the cane to his girlfriend's sensitised bottom, but in truth, he was no more experienced in these matters than she was. He hoped that making elaborate preparations would somehow make the actual delivery more effective.

The first cut was fairly gentle (although, of course, neither of them knew that at the time). Sandy was standing upright with her hands on her head and Thomas delivered a swift horizontal swipe that cut perfectly across the centre of both cheeks. Sandy hissed a response and three heavier stripes swiftly ensued.

story continues on p.31

Chateau d'Amour

by
Tom Haggard

She heard, through her tears, some kind-toned words.

French.

She looked up. She saw white shorts. She saw a beautiful woman holding a bicycle.

'I'm sorry, I don't speak French. . .'

'Can I help you? You seem so sad. . .'

Sammy blurted it out. She was an Australian, on the Grand Tour of Europe. Her boyfriend had ditched her in Bordeaux.

'He ran off with a barmaid. He stole my money. . .'

'I am Seraphine.'

She put her arm round Sammy's shoulders.

'I work as a maid up at the Chateau. Come with me. I will tidy you up. French men will love you. . .'

In a dream, in sweaty jeans, back-pack full of dirty clothes, Sammy was led up the hill.

'Excuse me. I will talk to the Butler.'

Seraphine left her in the hallway of the Chateau. On tapestries, in paintings, in glowing marble, naked men crowded Sammy.

'I bet the guy who owns this place is. . .'

'Sammy!'

Seraphine cut her thought.

'The Butler says it's fine for you to clean up. The Master is not expected back. We can use the Master Bathroom!'

Seraphine, laughing, leaping, yanked Sammy up the stairs.

The bathroom was bigger than the whole of Sammy's apartment in Sydney. . .

There was a massive, sunken tub. At the other end a sauna cabin and plunge pool.

Light birches floated in buckets. . . '

Everything was pink. . .

Seraphine charged the tub. She stripped with joy. She plunged into the foam.

Sammy threw off her upbringing with her jeans. She followed her new, naked friend.

'Soap my back, Sammy. . .'

The women laughed. The door opened.

Bronzed, muscular, gold-watched, mobile phoned, a man entered. . .

'The Master!'

Seraphine sprung up from the tub. Foam tumbling down her breasts, she curtsied. She signalled to Sammy to do the same.

Left hand over her breasts, right hand over her pudendum, Sammy gave a small Antipodean bow.

The Master extended his hand.

Sammy whipped her left hand to her sex; her right hand to the Master.

The Master's eyes pastured on her breasts. . .

Could he be gay. . .?

His eyes fell on her back-pack.

'You have clothes? You wish them laundered?'

The Master, disdaining reply, dialled a number.

'Phillippe. The bathroom. Laundry. . .'

Sammy sought the foam.

'Seraphine. Bend.'

Seraphine stood. She bent and held her ankles in the water.

The Master soaped her buttocks with the sponge.

He was a loving Curator with a great work of art.

'Now Sammy, please.'

Seraphine smiled. So Sammy obeyed. She offered her buttocks. Seraphine took her hands. . .

The door swung open; Phillippe swung in.

He was young, French, peasant. In tight denim shorts.

French boy and Australian girl blushed. Sammy once more sought the modesty of foam.

The Master whispered:

'Phillippe is eighteen today. Give him a birthday present. Let him soak your buttocks. . .'

Sammy coloured; but Seraphine spoke:

'Be part of your new family. Phillippe has soaped the buttocks of every maid in the Chateau. He is truly French. He worships bare young bottoms. . .

So Sammy rose and bent. She felt the thrust of Phillippe's sponge - more earnest and enquiring than the Master. More eager to please and be pleased. She heard his breath quicken and quicken.

Then she heard him yell.

She looked round. Phillippe was clutching his buttocks. The Master pointed with a birch rod to the front of his shorts.

'Disgraceful, Phillippe! Change into your dress pantaloons!'

The Master laughed. Phillippe, eyes wet with the pain of birch, managed to laugh at himself.

He grabbed Sammy's back-pack and fled.

'Take a sauna. Take your time. Come to the Library for your presents. . .'

*

They took a sauna. They took their time. Then they plunged naked into the icy pool.

The steam cleared.

Phillippe stood, birch in hand, wearing tight, velvet pantaloons.

Clearly he wore no underpants.

He had placed a mountain of white towels on the carpeted floor.

Seraphine led Sammy to the

ground. Pillows, lurking in the towels' undulations, raised their buttocks to the heavens.

Their arms intertwined.

The windows were open. The hot sun beat down.

The scent of lavender - and the hum of crickets - floated in. . .

Both seemed tangible. Both seemed to settle on their frozen buttocks. . .

Then Phillippe birched. Gently. Rhythmically.

The sensation, to Sammy, was as natural as sound and scent.

Phillippe warmed her buttocks to new life.

She fell asleep to a lullaby of birch. . .

*

Sammy found herself in a dressing gown of white towelling. Seraphine, also in white, was sipping champagne.

Who had turned her over? Who had dressed her?

Was Seraphine strong enough?

Or had it taken the strong, bare arms of Phillippe?

Seraphine's joy stilled Sammy's questions.

'Let's find our presents in the Library. . .'

The girls bounded down the stairs. They passed Greek vases. Sammy saw naked athletes whipped by switches. . .

Whipped by trainers who loved them.

A fire of pine cones, despite the heat, had been lit. Its perfume mingled with a thousand leather tomes.

A screen, for dressing, had been set up before the fire. Two deep white boxes, black-bowed, had been placed on the Library table.

In a beautiful hand, in red ink, the names of the girls had been inscribed.

Seraphine, grabbing her box, ran behind the screen. Sammy opened hers.

There was nothing there.

Hardly anything.

Black suspenders, stockings, a negligible bra, a tiny gee-string.

Sammy was an Australian. She could not insult her body with symbols of oppression.

It was time to leave. . .

Seraphine, with a cry of joy, leapt from the screen. She was dressed, or rather undressed, in the same garments.

'Aren't they heaven, ma cherie?'

Sammy was astounded: on Seraphine, they were.

The girl from Sydney was about to learn the lesson of her life.

Seraphine's breasts, suspended, looked more truly themselves than they had ever looked before.

Seraphine, turning, bent for her friend.

The black frame of suspender - the knowing division of gee-string - educated the beholder's eye.

They revealed Seraphine's buttocks as a wonder of the world. . .

Sammy, in a flash, understood Europe.

These garments were the fruit of a thousand years of passion.

They had been designed by genius, collective or individual.

They enlivened what they found.

They gave consciousness to Nature.

Sammy, rushing behind the screen, leapt rawly into her gifts. She gazed at the cheval mirror.

She saw a reflection of the Master.

He must have seen her naked. He must have witnessed her divine tussle with suspender and gee-string.

He applauded her beauty.

Phillippe stood to one side with two tiny, black dresses.

The Master read Sammy's thoughts. . .

'I have a proposition. I need another maid. Most of my staff are *en vacance*. Work for a month - and I shall pay your fare back to Australia. . .'

Sammy's head spun. She was a stranger to kindness.

The world went black.

Then light again.

Phillippe had pulled the tiny black dress over her head.

She was an initiate.

She was a French maid.

Phillippe placed a feather duster in her hand.

Everyone laughed. . .

But Sammy dusted in earnest.

*

Her suspenders, her gee-string - and Seraphine herself - inspired Sammy's spirit to service.

The gentle yoke of suspender, the wise insinuation of string, taught her more than a thousand books. . .

She learnt life's ambiguity. Of

freedom in discipline. Of the sharp, exquisite interdependence of Master and Maid. . .

Supper was triumphant.

Phillippe had poured all his passion into a boeuf à Bourguignonne. Sammy sampled a portion before she served. It seemed the very essence of the young Frenchman had entered her. . .

The maids served.

The Master - in evening dress - sat at the long table.

The candle-light twinkled in the depths of the polished mahogany.

Sammy, earlier, had stripped to her gee-string. She had waxed and worked the table till the sweat had run from her breasts. . .

Seraphine entered with glory of the meal: paté de foie gras served on slivers of ice.

Perhaps she held the dish too triumphantly. Perhaps, for a second, she was distracted by her gee-string's searchings. . .

She tripped and fell.

The crystal bowl shattered into a galaxy.

'Sammy, fetch a dustpan and broom.'

The Master did not raise his voice.

Sammy, startled, lost her bearings. The broom cupboard hid from her panic.

She returned, at length, to a stark tableau.

Seraphine, stripped to just suspenders and string, held her hands on her head.

Phillippe knelt before her, fingers looped in her pouch.

'Remove the string.'

Again the Master spoke softly.

'And, Sammy, clean. . .'

Sammy obeyed: but her eyes were on her friend.

Phillippe unclasped Seraphine's suspenders. Before her stockings had time to fall, he glorified each

leg with a garter. . .

The Master answered Sammy's questioning gaze.

'Birching garters. My maids remove their suspenders in deference to the twigs. . .'

Then Sammy saw them on the sideboard.

Two mighty birches.

Seraphine placed her hands, palms down, on the end of the table. She walked backwards as far as she could go. She spread her legs.

The Master fondled a birch.

'Two dozen. When Sammy has finished with dustpan and broom.'

Sammy scurried. Seraphine's buttocks blushed with embarrassment.

Or fear.

'The first dozen will be awarded by Phillippe'.

The Master smiled. He handed Phillippe the rod.

'Another birthday present for you. . .'

Phillippe's cheeks turned as red as Seraphine buttocks. He protested. He was silenced. And he whipped.

But the cut, though it drew a gasp from Seraphine, did not satisfy the Master.

Sammy had picked up sufficient French to know that Phillippe's own backside was in danger. If the remaining eleven were not passionate enough, the Master said, his own pantaloons would come down. . .

Blushing even more furiously, Phillippe took a run with the birch.

He proved his loyalty to his Master.

Seraphine clenched, kicked and groaned.

Sammy had never witnessed a birching. To her the silence was strange. The twigs made scarcely a whistle as they flew through the air. Their impact was dull.

It was only the brightening of Seraphine's buttocks - and her screams - that revealed the occult power of birch. On the twelfth cut Seraphine fell to the ground, clutching her hips.

This was the true, classic birching Sammy had read about in books.

The twigs had sought out her front.

Her thighs were decorated with red tracery. . .

The Master shook Phillippe's hand.

The boy, soaked in sweat, was covered with a guilty pride.

The Master picked up the second birch.

Phillippe still clutched the handle of the first. But its body lay in fragments round the hall. . .

Sammy knelt to help Seraphine. Shaking, she resumed her position at the table.

To Sammy, her buttocks had suffered the ultimate of birch.

'She's had enough. . .'

Sammy could not believe what she was saying.

Phillippe stared.

Seraphine, looked round, tears in her eyes.

'No, my dearest. I deserve it. I will take it. Don't earn yourself a whipping. . .'

Sammy tore off her bra and her gee-string.

She stood hands on head as Seraphine had done.

'I will take her second dozen myself. . .'

Phillippe's eyes dazzled.

Seraphine protested.

The Master pulled her from the table.

'Assume the position, Sammy. You may retain your suspenders. I want you to feel safe. . .'

'I have one request, sir. This is my first beating. Let Phillippe hold me down. I do not know if I possess European restraint.'

The Master nodded.

Phillippe leapt onto the table.

Sammy, bending, spread her legs.

Phillippe placed his hands on Sammy's shoulders.

The Master ran.

Sammy heard the dull swish of a dozen times before.

She made the mistake of all novices to birch.

She assumed the first cut prefigured the rest. . .

In later years, recalling her birching to friends, she would tell the story of the man who invented chess.

The Emperor of China was so delighted with the game he asked the man what he wanted.

'One grain of rice for the first square of the board, two for the second and four for the third. . . . and so on, Your Majesty.'

The Emperor agreed.

The wealth of China was ruined.

So it was with Sammy's buttocks. Every stroke redoubled the force of the cut before.

By the eleventh cut her bottom - and her spirit - was as devastated as Ancient China.

Phillippe whispered comfort. She looked up. His pantaloons bulged; but his eyes welled up. . .

Tears rolled down his cheeks, onto his naked breast.

Sammy loved him for his pity.

She understood his lust. . .

The Master observed.

'Sammy, take Phillippe into your mouth and your last cut will be forgiven you.

Phillippe blushed.

Sammy could see that he longed for her. . .

And she longed for him. . .

She had taken him in her mouth before.

Seraphine, rubbing her thighs, smiled on.

The Master took action.

Deft movements, and Phillippe's pantaloons were down. . .

The New World of Australia was conjoined with the Old World of France. . .

*

Master and Maid climbed the turret to the Master Bedroom.

Then closed the door.

They smiled at each other with happy mischief.

Even the alabaster copy of the Michaelangelo 'David' seemed to lose something of its sneer.

'You made a wonderful Master. . .'

'Thank you, Madame. You made a wonderful maid. . .'

'Make love to me. Your Mistress commands it.'

'Your Butler obeys. . .'

'We'll admit our game to Sammy in the morning. . .'

Cries rose from the dining room.

The Mistress smiled. . .

'She has found love - as we have done - in my magical Chateau d'Amour. . .'

The Butler knelt before his Mistress and kissed her welted thighs.

She winced:

'I owe Phillippe the mother of all birchings. . .'

'Sammy has learnt love from us. But she has taught love as well. I will take the whipping for the boy. . .'

The Mistress raised the Butler.

She knelt in birching garters before him.

'Not before I give you love. Like Sammy's love. . .'

Soon howls of pleasure, howls of pain, filled the night. . .

And the castle was too old, too wise, to try to distinguish between them. . . ❑

You could not describe David and I as an unusual couple in any way. At least, not until a month ago. Up to then we were a happy loving pair with a steady home life, in our late twenties, married for five years. I don't work as I have no real qualifications, but David is a lawyer so earns enough to keep us comfortably, if not extravagantly. And we had, so I thought, no secrets from each other.

I am sure there are many wives and girlfriends who still believe that. Well, let me tell you sisters, if it's true then your other half is the exception to prove the rule. Let me tell you about the little discovery I made about my man. And what it all led to.

HOME TRUTHS

by Sarah Leigh

It began with me cleaning out one of his cupboards. He's never been adept at throwing things away when they should be, or even keeping them tidy, so every few weeks I have to organise a good clear out. This particular day it was the turn of his golf cupboard.

I opened up the door to find it was not as bad as some of the others, but there was a large brown box underneath his bag. Knowing he likes to store useless trash in such items I picked up the bag to investigate. I was not prepared for what I found inside.

At first the contents seemed harmless enough. On top was a stack of video tapes. I wondered why they were not in the rack downstairs with the rest, but assumed there just wasn't room or that they were sports tapes David liked to keep separate. But I soon realised what they really were when I picked them up to take a closer look and saw what else was in the box. A pile of magazines. But not ordinary ones.

The cover of the top one displayed in colour a close-up of a girl's naked bottom. It was naked because her knickers had been pulled down to her thighs. Laid across her bottom was a thin piece of what looked like bamboo. I have not had such a sheltered upbringing as to not had know what it was — it was clearly a cane.

I gulped in surprise and shock. My first reaction was to throw the whole filthy lot to the back of the cupboard and slam the door shut again, but my horrified curiosity got the better of me. I picked it up. It was called "Spankers' Journal", and I found another edition underneath. Pushing my hand down the side of the box I began to flick through the first copy.

It seemed to be made up of pictures, both photographic and drawings, accompanying stories describing the action. The photos were of the girl whose bottom was pictured on the cover. She was a blonde, probably about twenty, and dressed, to begin with at least, in a chambermaid's outfit. She had, so the story line would have me believe, been caught stealing from the rooms of the hotel in which she worked, and she was given the choice of the sack or "personal discipline" from the manager, a character depicted by a middle-aged man with grey hair and a beard. No need to guess which she chose, or what kind of discipline it was. Over the ensuing pages she was put across his knee, her knickers pulled down and her bottom smacked. The photos showed both his hand in the air about to come down and then making impact, flattening the flesh of her plump buttocks. There were more close-ups of her bottom and long-range shots of the whole tableau. Eventually they were shown as moving on, he ordering her to strip off the uniform until she was naked except for her exotic (what else!) lingerie, then bending over his desk for the aforementioned cane to be applied. Of course, I live enough in the real world to know they were both professional models and would have been paid, probably quite well, for this kind of work, but I could not help feeling sorry for the poor girl. I did not believe she actually got spanked and caned — but I wondered why it was she had to lower herself to appear in this sort of magazine.

I leafed through some of the others, which seemed to be a variation on the same theme, namely fully-grown women being humiliatingly punished in this manner, by men who were old enough to know better. The outfits and scenarios changed, from athletes being spanked by their coaches to nurses being punished by a doctor (and even a matron for heavens' sake!), and there was a fair smattering of wives being dealt with by irate husbands for some pathetic fault, but the result was always pretty much the same: boy beats girl.

I turned my attention back to the videos. I had not bothered to examine them too closely at first, so had missed the labels on the sides. Now I checked to see what they actually said. Some were handwritten, others typed, but they all had titles like "Spanking Sisters", "The Hitch-

hiker Smacked" and "Housewife's Punishment". To be truthful I didn't need to see them to know what was in them, but something inside me — call it curiosity, call it morbid fascination to know exactly what David had been up to — seemed to push me into gathering up the tapes and carrying them downstairs to the video.

My fingers trembled (with anger, I told myself) as I put the first tape in. I had randomly picked up the top cassette, which happened to be "Spanking Sisters". The storyline and acting was going to be non-existent, that was obvious from the first two minutes. I found myself being asked to believe that two attractive girls, probably quite well out of their teens, were being disciplined by their mother, played by an actress who actually looked younger than they did! The tape was American, going by the accents, and the quality appalling — I've seen better home movies shot on a camcorder — and as for the music, well whoever made that film must have trawled through a whole record library looking for the worst example of lift muzak he could find! The basic premise seemed to be a youthful mother finding her "offspring" smoking dope, and deciding to beat some sense into them. She started by making them both bend over the back of the sofa, then raised their skirts, lowered their knickers and began to spank them with her hand. They were gorgeous girls, I'll give them that, with figures most women would kill for. But it was their bottoms which seemed the focal point of the action. The girls appeared in terrible distress, crying and begging their "mother" for mercy, but she seemed particularly hard-hearted and continued whacking them.
Occasionally the camera would close in on their backsides, showing how red and bruised they were becoming. Unlike the models in the magazines, these ladies really were being punished.

Eventually the "mother" stopped smacking them, only to announce now they were 'warmed up' she was going to give them a 'proper punishment'. She left the room briefly, leaving her two victims sniffling and rubbing their arses, although neither made any effort to get up and escape. Their tormentor soon returned carrying what looked like a large table-tennis bat. 'Now' she drawled, 'I'm a-gonna give y'all a dose of the paddle!'

She measured the wooden implement against the cheeks of the nearest girl, drew it back and smacked it down. It made a loud crack, though not as loud as the shriek which came from its victim. The second girl was about to receive a similar blow when I hit the stop button. I could not believe my David actually got a kick out of watching this sort of thing. My mind was racing as I crouched there on the floor. How could he do a thing like this? But perhaps, I thought, just perhaps, this is an unusually-extreme tape and he didn't realise how violent it would be. They couldn't all be that bad could they? I pulled "Spanking Sisters" out of the machine then turned to the pile of tapes and rummaged through, trying to get a clue to the contents from the titles. I settled for "Punishment P.T."

She measured the wooden implement against the cheeks of the nearest girl, drew it back and smacked it down. It made a loud crack, though not as loud as the shriek which came from its victim.

This one was British. The acting and the quality were not much better for that but at least it seemed the level of sadism was not as bad. The story concerned two "girls" (I use the word advisedly — although they had kosher uniforms, gym slips, blouses and ties etc., and they both wore their hair in ribbon-tied bunches, it was obvious that here we also had two women in their early twenties) who had been caught playing truant and sent to the P.T. teacher for punishment, hence the clever title.

The teacher, a brown-haired man in his early thirties wearing T-shirt and tracksuit, first made them perform various exercises. Then he ordered them to stand against the wall, pulled up a chair and hauled one over his knee. No prizes for guessing what for — she was given a protracted and quite hard spanking. Then she was made to go back to facing the wall, this time with her skirt tucked into its waistband and her knickers still around her thighs, while her companion was given the same treatment. He went on to make them strip completely naked, spanked them again and made them exert themselves on an exercise bike before having them bend side-by-side over a vaulting horse. In this position they were both caned hard, despite their pleas and protests they would be "good girls" in future. Finally they were sent to have a bath (together, of course) before being allowed to dress, given a final lecture by the teacher and sent away.

I stopped the tape. By now I was furious with David, not only because of the contents of the box — it's bad enough finding you've been married to a pervert for five years — but also because of the money this little collection must have cost him, or rather us, to build up. And he had done the whole thing behind my back!

I poured myself a large drink and tried to think it through. When the initial anger had subsided I decided what really got to me was the thought of the kinky sod looking at all these other women, probably fantasising about them as he made love to me. I have always prided myself on our sex-life and the fact I can satisfy my man. Right, I said to no-one in particular, I'll show him. He wants to mess around with naughty girls, I'll call his bluff and give him a real one.

I went upstairs to my wardrobe. I did not have much of a uniform but I knew exactly what men like my husband thought young women should wear — the video had told me that at least.

I found a white business blouse, one with a masculine-style collar. Then I pulled out my tennis skirt. It was not blue, but white, but it was the closest thing I had to a short gym slip such as the girls in "Punishment P.T." wore. Then I went into David's wardrobe and made straight for his tie rack. Somewhere behind the paisley neckwear I found what I was looking for: a blue and red diagonally — striped tie.

I put the clothes on the bed and stripped off my jeans and sweater.

Of course I did not have any white knee socks or blue regulation knickers of the kind I had seen in the films, so I opted for the more grown-up set of stockings, suspenders and briefs. At least he had told me how much they turn him on. I put my "uniform" on and surveyed myself in the full-length mirror. I just looked like a grown woman in fancy dress. But that is obviously what David wanted, so that, whether he liked it or not, is what he was going to get.

I went back to the living room and waited for him. I filled in the half-hour by looking through the magazines in more detail. The one section of every edition which really surprised me was the letters page. So many came from, or purported to come from, women, wives and girlfriends who were regularly spanked, strapped, slippered, caned or what-have-you by their partners. OK, one or two of them might be genuine I thought, and there probably are some women who are genuine masochists. But wanting to write to a magazine and tell the world all about this most private aspect of your life? Why?

My thoughts were interrupted by David's key in the front door. It closed behind him, I heard the thump of his briefcase on the hall floor, the rustle of his coat being hung up. I stood up, hand on hips, my long brown hair thrown back, a defiant challenge (or so I hoped) on my face, the contents of the box spread on the floor in front of me. The door swung open, David came round it with his usual smile of greeting . . . and stopped dead in his tracks.

There are not many ways to begin this sort of conversation. I opted for 'you'll never guess what I found, cleaning out your golf cupboard today.' He opened his mouth but seemed to be having trouble finding any words to let out of it. He would probably have eventually come out with something like, 'darling, I can explain,' but I cut in before he had a chance to say anything.

'Is this the sort of thing you wanted all along?' I demanded. 'So why the hell didn't you say so, instead of buying all these stupid tapes and books? I may not have actually liked it, but I might have gone along a little of the way, rather than have you ogling at those other tarts!'

He listened to my diatribe, waiting patiently for me to finish. He always was a good listener, that's one of the reasons I married him. When I finished he tried to explain it was only to fulfil a need he thought he could not have asked me to accommodate. The women in the films and photos meant nothing to him, but he had never thought of spanking me the way they were dealt with.

I was having none of it. I was determined to humiliate him the way I felt he had humiliated me. I pulled what I planned would be the master-stroke. I turned my back to him, threw my skirt up and bent forward, my hands on the arms of the chair. 'Go on' I told him, 'if you're such a man and it's what you really want to do, spank me!'

I had never been spanked before, and the pain was excruciating, each loud slap sending a stinging shock through my nervous system, fading just in time for the next to land.

What happened then was definitely not according to plan. I heard him cross the room and stop behind me. I expected to hear him say sorry and beg my forgiveness, promising he would do anything to make it up to me. What I did not expect was the sharp slap he delivered to my buttocks.

I stood up and spun round, furious now. His feelings were apparently also running high, as he was ready for me. Seizing both my wrists in one of his strong hands, he sat on an arm of the chair and hauled me over his lap as I yelled and protested.

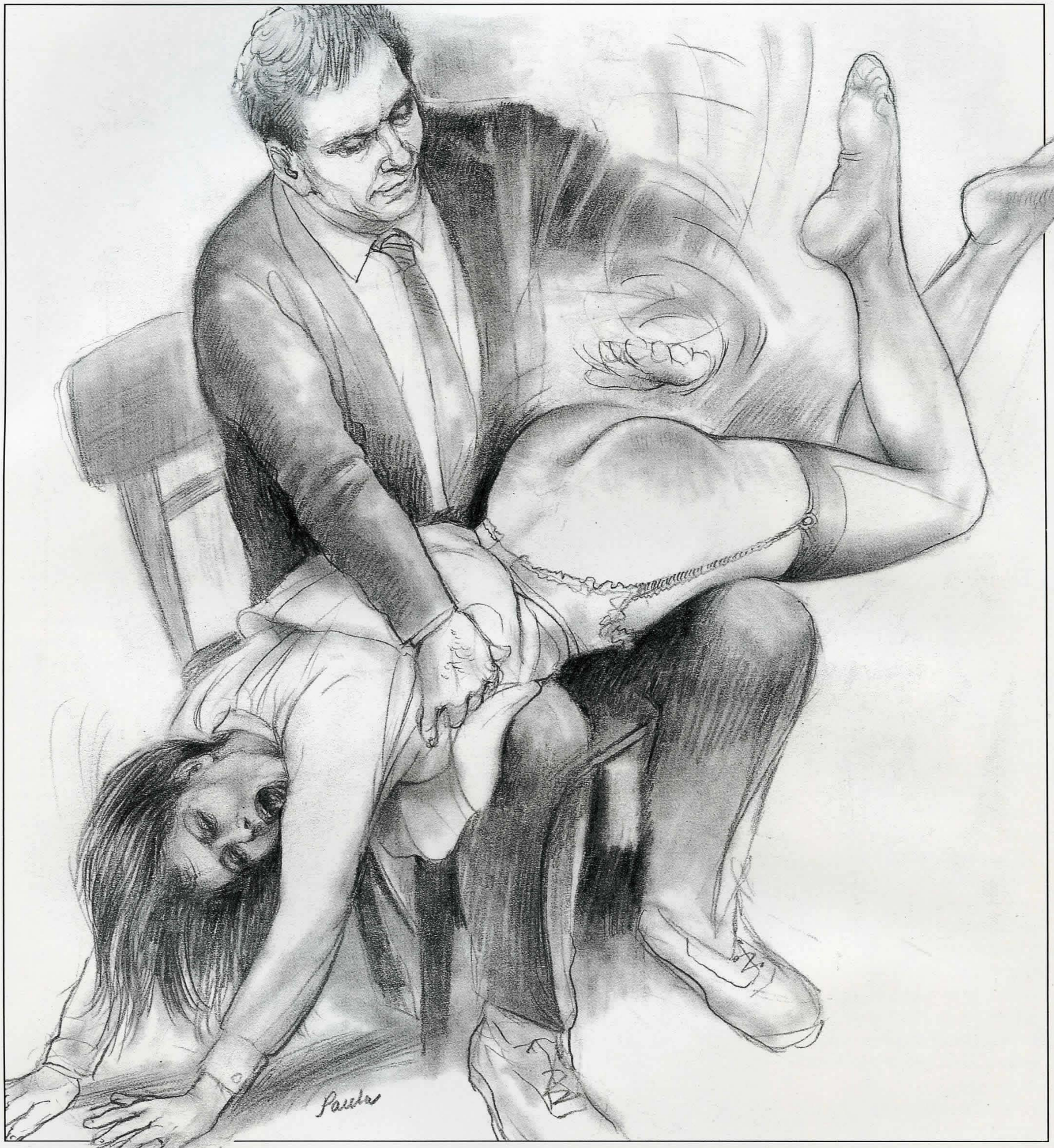
Much as I kicked and squirmed I could not escape, partly due to his strong grip but also because I was fighting gravity as well. I was unbalanced, my upper half hanging lower than my legs. He began to spank rhythmically. My cries became even more earnest with the occasional obscenity creeping in, rare for me, a woman usually so calm in a crisis. But David ignored me and carried on, telling me how he should have done this years ago, and that it was all my own fault I was getting it now for interfering with his collection. I soon realised calling his bluff was a big mistake, as the pain in my bottom became a numbness. His big hand was falling every five seconds or so, and he was taking care to cover as wide an areas of my cheeks as possible. I had never been spanked before, and the pain was excruciating, each loud slap sending a stinging shock through my nervous system, fading just in time for the next to land.

After about five minutes of this very ungentlemanly treatment he stopped and let me slide off his lap and onto my knees. He stood and straightened his clothes. I was about to leap up and opened my mouth to give vent to my anger, but he silenced me with a look and a single 'no!'. Then he told me in no uncertain terms to go upstairs, get out of that ridiculous outfit and put on something more appropriate for a woman my age.

Numb with shock I went upstairs to the bedroom, as much to get away from the scene of my humiliation as in obedience to my husband. As I stripped off the makeshift uniform, I could not resist a look over my shoulder into the wardrobe mirror to examine the marks left by David's hand. My cheeks were angry and red, from the base of my spine almost down to the crease where my thighs began, and round to the sides of my bottom as well. I tenderly pressed the flesh, noting the clear finger-prints at the outer edges of the target area. I closed my eyes and gasped as I clutched my abused bottom, gaining some relief from a gentle rubbing action. I opened my eyes to see David standing in the doorway, looking at me with a loving smile playing across his face. 'I've come to apologise' he said.

We looked at each other and both seemed to realise how crazy the whole thing had been, me getting on my high horse and casting judgement on him for having a "thing" about girls' bottoms, and him for losing his temper with me. So what, I thought, he's still the best husband I've got!

Embracing me, he told me how he had wanted to spank me for so long, and was sorry it was done in



anger and not as part of foreplay, which he considered to be its proper purpose. He seemed very sorry for what he had done so I decided to let him in on a secret, one I was not going to tell him. 'It's not so bad,' I said, 'in fact, now it's beginning to get warm and tingly, it's actually quite pleasant.' The only thing that worried me was the marks it had left. 'Oh no' he said, 'your lovely bottom is more beautiful now than it ever has been before.' So why didn't he tell me sooner, right from the start of our marriage, I asked. I could have made his dreams come true sooner.

That was a month ago. Now I'm wearing a tight red minidress, my only underwear a pair of skimpy bikini briefs. This is how David has told me to dress for my punishment session. Last week he used a slipper, the week before a gym shoe, neither particularly hard, but enough to stimulate a thoroughly erotic atmosphere between us. I'm still not all that good at taking a smacking, and I must admit he seems to get more out of it than me at the moment. But I'm sure that will change as I work hard to share in his fantasies.

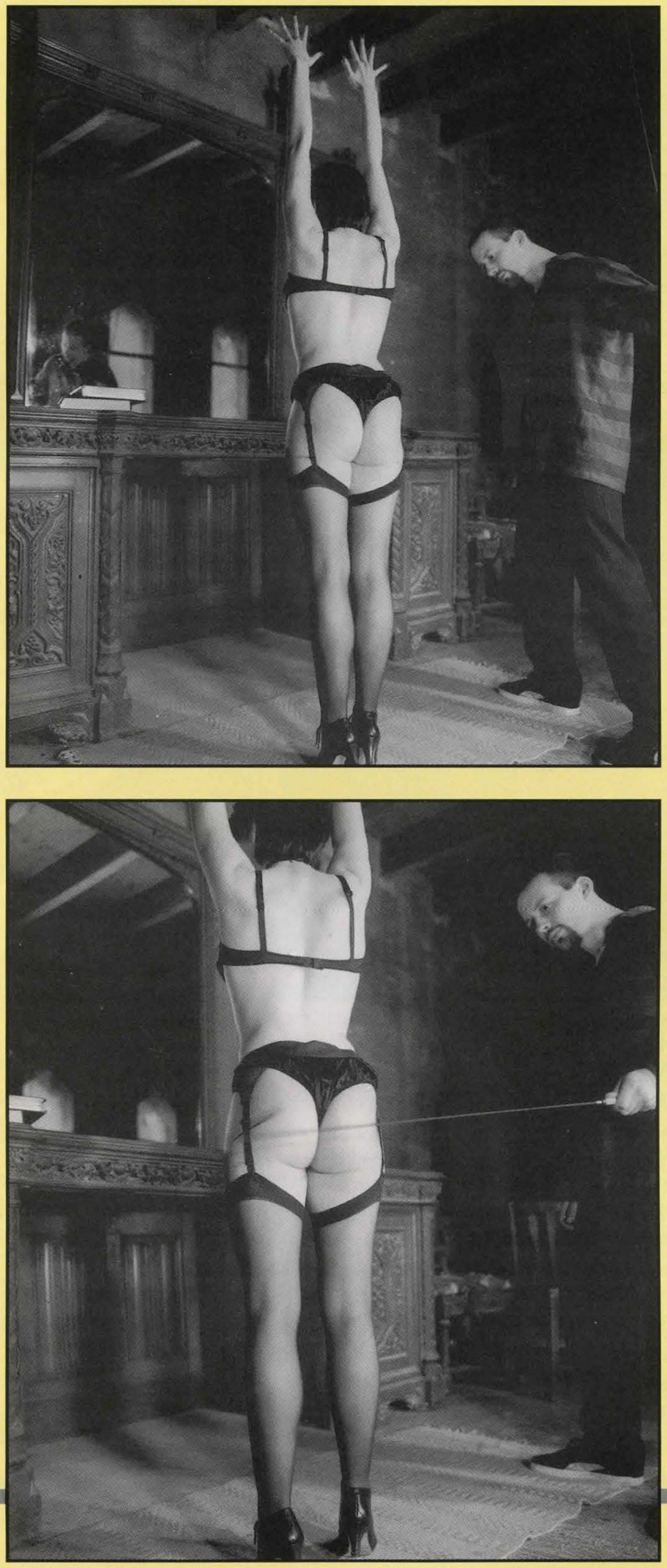
Today David received a long thin parcel in the post. He says he will open it when he gets home, since he knows exactly what it is. It's lying on the kitchen table right now, still in its brown paper wrapping. I am sitting here looking at it, wondering what the cane will really be like. ❑

Charlotte's Odyssey

THE SIXTH EXPERIENCE

by Lucienne Zeger

Photos by China Hamilton



'This is going to be a special discipline session. It will be about pain and control, about obeying instructions, something that I fear is still a problem for you. The entire experience will be a little unpleasant for you but I must admit, fun for me.'

Charlotte stood before the Dr. in a very brief bra and tight knickers. The picture was completed by a suspender belt and stockings. Dr. Friedrich held a thin and swishy riding crop, the tip of which flicked ominously before Charlotte's nervous gaze.

'Now to business. At all times you will be on the extreme of your tip-toes, your arms will be held straight up above your head with your body stretched to your limit. When I give the command "open" you will retain the same posture but will part your legs some two feet. When I say "close" you will bring them together again. As you keep this position I will cut you to your naughty bottom with the crop. Even one failure to hold posture will be punished by the crop to the front of the thighs - you understand?'

Charlotte nodded.

'Take your position girl.'

She stretched herself up, until her stomach was drawn taut and her rib cage showed. Then the session began. The thin crop sang through the air. First it was the full curve of the bum that took its mean cuts, then the pouting bare lower cheeks below the knickers. At every stage, Charlotte struggled to retain her balance, fearful of the consequences of losing her balance. When the shout 'open' came she parted herself. The tip of the crop stung the insides of her thighs. Little gasps of pain came from her pursed lips as she desperately concentrated. When he cried 'close', she closed her legs and stretched up again. The crop flicked out, using its real swish. Each cut left its red angry line where it found naked flesh, as a reminder of its visit. Again and again he cried out his instructions and she opened to let the cane come between and closed to take it on the skimpily protected buttocks. At last it happened, she lost her

balance and, emitting a cry, stumbled forward. Quickly, hoping he wouldn't notice, she stretched herself up again.

'Not good enough Charlotte,' came the comment tinged with pleasure.

She gave a crying whimper as he gave her three cuts with the tip of the crop to the sensitive taut skin on the fronts of her thighs.

Though she tried to prevent it from happening, she lost her balance again and again and the number of red lines on her poor thighs gradually increased. The Dr. then stopped. He now produced a heavy old book which, he explained, she had to balance on her head while still on tip-toe. If it was to fall she had to bend and retrieve it from the floor. When her arse cheeks were so tightened he would give her the crop there.

'I think it is time for a little more exposure. Before we start again please pull your tits from your bra and, of course, remove your knickers completely.'

He watched her do this; the bra now forcing up her bared breasts. She

now carefully balanced the book. Not for long: repeated flicks of the crop to the naked arse soon ensured that the book fell.

'Pick up the book.'

She bent at the waist and instantly the crop cut her bum with two or three quick painful strokes. This action made Dr. Friedrich chuckle and Charlotte scream and jump, scrabbling to recover the book and un-tighten her buttocks. As soon, though, as the book was balanced again, her poor bottom was in receipt of the dreaded swish, as the Dr. was calling it. She cried out every time it came and of course let the book fall, only to take it upon the tightened arse again. He did not relent in this ritual until he felt that she was completely distraught, tears of pain and frustration trickling down her cheeks. Before

he finished, he made her stay bent over and gave a brisk half dozen on the well marked taut skin of the bottom and left her to collapse in a sobbing and disconsolate heap on the floor. She was not spared for long.

'Pick yourself up,' he cried. 'You will stand on tip-toe, arms above your head, for half an hour before you may dress. I do not advise you to let me find you otherwise, should I return early,' with that he left the room.

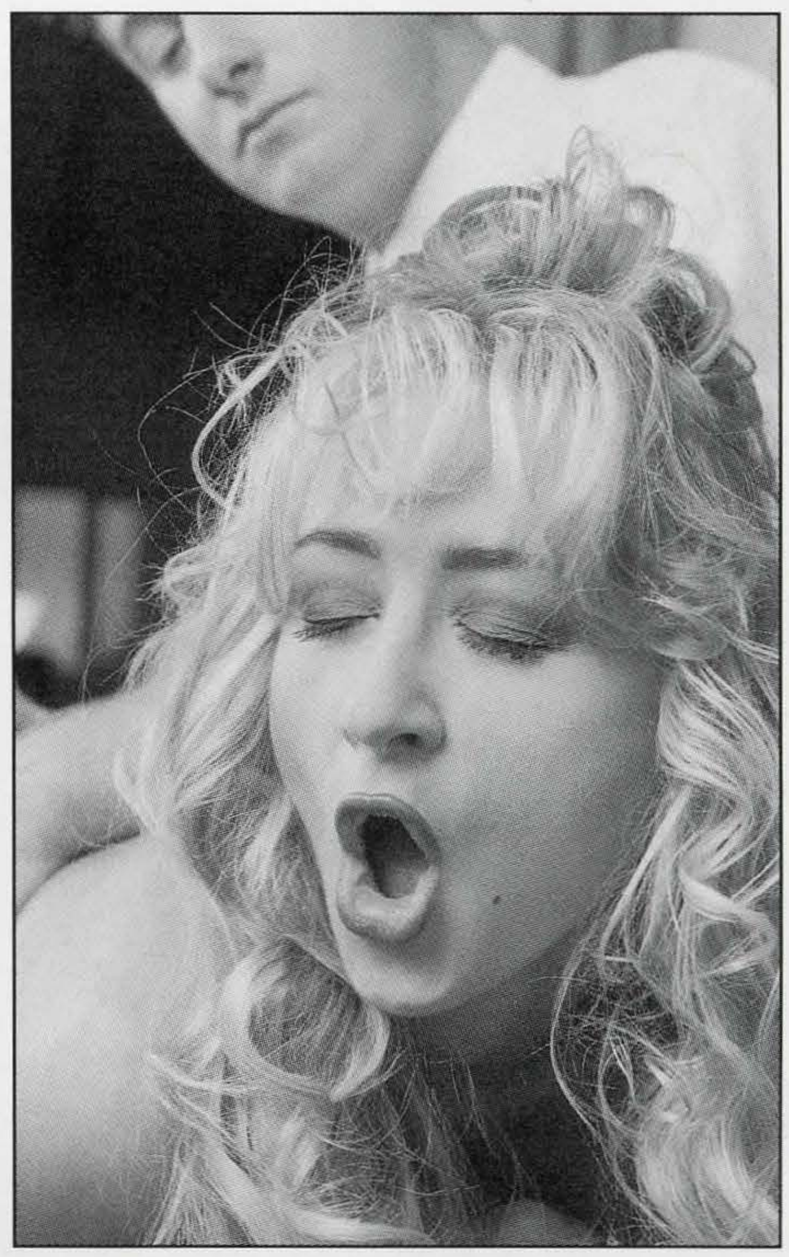
Charlotte slowly pulled herself up and adopted the posture, little points of punished burning seemed to be all over her bottom. Still she stretched towards the ceiling, her eyes fixed on the door. She didn't want to be found relaxing no matter how much her body started to ache and her arms tingle on the verge of numbness. ❑

story continued from p.13

When the fifth cut bit, deep from mounting expertise, she could no longer maintain her pose and her hands dropped from the back of her head to caress her beleaguered behind.

'Not yet,' Thomas told her huskily. 'Get back over the desk if you can't stand up.' The order had been a simple matter of contingency, but proved fortuitous. Now her bottom-cheeks were extended and rounded out towards him invitingly. The full undercurves were completely exposed and the hitherto untouched flesh of her upper thighs seemed almost spectral in its unblemished whiteness above the black stocking-tops.

Eight perfectly parallel maroon tramlines appeared at regular intervals. Each



one brought forth an anguished cry from their recipient and a satisfied grunt from their bestower. He was fascinated by the sight of the fuzzy-edged weals on the alabaster skin on her thighs and the pinkened flesh of her rump. He wanted to continue producing these wondrous marks all morning, but knew she was reaching the limit of her tolerance.

Instead, he sat down and swiftly pulled her across his knees, spanking her for the second time. The heat of her previous punishment tickled his palm as it struck repeatedly, reinforcing every tap and swipe she had already endured.

As she finally broke into choking sobs of surrender he leant forward and whispered, 'I think your secretarial skills are going to show a great improvement from now on.' ❑

Trevor Watson

Best Friend

A Story in Two Episodes by
Maria del Rey

PART 1

Lisa waited pensively at the door, aware that the cab driver was still eyeing her up, leaning forward in his seat and with the window wound down so that he could stare at her legs.

'Hello, Mrs Dwyer, how are you?' she said hurriedly when the door was opened.

'Lisa, what a pleasant surprise,' Mrs Dwyer exclaimed, beaming Lisa a pleasant but quizzical smile.

The sound of the car accelerating away made Lisa sigh with relief. 'Didn't Katy tell you?' she said, pointing to the case at her feet.

'Oh no,' Mrs Dwyer sighed. 'You'd better come in.'

'Is there anything wrong?' Lisa asked, picking up her heavy case and moving into the house. Mrs Dwyer pointed her into the front room and Lisa squeezed her case through the door and put it down in a corner.

'There's been a change of plan,' Mrs Dwyer explained, following Lisa into the room. 'She obviously didn't get a chance to let you know.'

'It's not the wedding, is it?' Lisa asked, a swell of panic rising up inside her suddenly. Katy Dwyer was her best friend and the thought of Katy being hurt horrified her.

Mrs Dwyer laughed, the merriment making her clear blue eyes sparkle. She hardly looked old enough to have a daughter who was twenty and was getting married. 'No, it's nothing like that,' she explained, smiling. 'No, Katy's just had to fly out for a couple of days and so we've had to put things back a little that's all.'

Lisa relaxed, smiling at last. Katy was always flying abroad, she modelled for a swimwear company and was often sent on glamourous assignments to exotic locations all over the world. 'When is she due back?' she asked, hoping that it would be soon.

'She really ought to have called you,' Mrs Dwyer said apologetically.

'I'm sure she was just too busy, Mrs Dwyer,' Lisa remarked, making excuses for Lisa, the way she always had.

'Firstly, there's no excuse for sloppiness,' Mrs Dwyer told Lisa disapprovingly, and then she smiled once more. 'And secondly, I think it's okay for you to call me Viviane.'

Lisa suddenly felt very shy. 'I don't know, I've called you Mrs Dwyer for so long now. . .'

Viviane laughed again. 'I hope you're not going to remind me how long,' she exclaimed. 'Now, Katy should be back in a couple of days, then you two can go out and do all your shopping and gossiping and giggling. Until then you're welcome to stay here, even if you do have to put up with my company.'

'I'd love to stay with you, Viviane, really I would,' Lisa exclaimed, a note of genuine excitement creeping into her voice.

'Good, I'm glad that's settled then. The spare room's where it's always been, though it's been so long since you were up here I wouldn't be surprised if you've forgotten where it is. . .'

'Of course I remember where it is,' Lisa assured her. 'If you don't mind, I'd like to take my stuff up there now.'

'No, of course not. And what would you like to do for lunch?'

Lisa stood up. 'Is there anywhere good in town? My treat though,' she added hurriedly.

'I'll have a think about it while you're getting ready,' Viviane told her.

Lisa struggled with the case, somehow she always started with the best of intentions and then ended up with half her wardrobe packed tight. Viviane walked her to the foot of the stairs, chatting about how much the town had changed since Lisa was last there.

'You girls are certainly wearing your skirts short again,' Viviane said when Lisa was half way up the stairs.

Lisa plonked the heavy case on the step in front of her and looked back. She realised that Viviane had been watching her struggle up each step, and that from her vantage point at the bottom of the stairs Viviane had a clear view up her skirt. She felt an unfamiliar flush of redness touch her face as she wondered how far up her skirt Viviane could see. 'It's the fashion,' she explained, unable to hide her embarrassment. It was a short skirt, no denying that, tight at the waist but flared like a gymslip, it showed her long smooth thighs to perfection.

'Yes, I've noticed all you younger girls wearing them,' Viviane agreed, not taking her eyes off Lisa's long legs.

Lisa smiled nervously and then turned back, struggling up the steps with the awareness that, as she climbed higher, she was revealing more and more of her thighs. At the top of the stairs she paused for a moment and looked back to see that Viviane had gone. She sighed with relief and touched a hand to her bottom, certain that if Viviane had still been watching she would have had a clear view of white lacy panties under the short skirt.

When she dumped the case on the bed she flopped down next to it, exhausted by the struggle. The room was

as she remembered it, cosily feminine, the single bed matched with a bedside cabinet, a wardrobe and a pretty white dressing table. When Katy and Lisa had been younger they had been inseparable, and Katy's house felt like a home from home. Now Katy was a model and seemed to spend most of her time out of the country, and Lisa was working in the City and hoping to work her way to the top. Still, some things didn't change, the room was as it had always been and Katy's mother was as pretty as Lisa remembered her.

The case burst open and seemed to throw clothes right across the room. Lisa spent a few seconds picking something out and then undid her skimpy little skirt and pulled on a pair of tight blue denims.

Viviane was waiting downstairs, lips glossy with lipstick, an extra dash of black making her eyes seem wide and vivacious. She was dressed in a tight skirt that reached down to her ankles but with a split at the side which revealed the golden tan of her thighs. She looked good, easily as fashionable as her daughter's best friend, thought Lisa.

'There's a new shopping centre in town,' Viviane explained. 'A big place full of teenagers at lunch time, packed tight with office workers window shopping and security guards trailing after the youngsters.'

Lisa winced. 'Sounds ghastly,' she said, pulling a face.

'Yes, which is why we won't eat there,' Viviane laughed. 'Come on, how do you fancy a real pizza?'

'Sounds excellent,' Lisa agreed.

* * * * *

The pizza was indeed excellent, as was the red wine which accompanied it. The conversation was relaxed and friendly, and by the end of the meal it felt to Lisa as if Viviane was a best friend rather than her best friend's mother. The only sticky moment had been when discussing who had been the worst behaved, Lisa or Katy. Viviane had insisted that Lisa had been the bad influence, leading her daughter astray, but Lisa had remembered it differently.

The new shopping centre was close to the pizzeria, and Lisa decided that a shopping trip for a few more clothes was definitely in order, despite Viviane's obvious reluctance. The cool glass and steel interior was smartly done, and Lisa quickly realised that the better boutiques were on the upper levels of the building.

'You know it's a pity this place wasn't around before,' Lisa remarked, as they journeyed up in a glass elevator offering them a view of the vast main concourse.

'Huh! Thank God it wasn't, otherwise you and Katy would never have got any education,' Viviane remarked sharply. 'Don't think that I didn't know about the times you two played truant.'

Lisa giggled again. 'You're not going to blame that on me as well, are you?'

Viviane looked stern but her cold look softened as the lift door slid open silently. 'I know that you two were as bad as each other,' she admitted, 'but that didn't stop me wanting to spank you sometimes.'

'Oh look!' Lisa squealed excitedly. Viviane turned and looked across to where Lisa was pointing. 'Look at those boots, they're beautiful.'

The knee length black leather boots had pride of place in the shop window, the chunky black heels balanced precariously on a prism of glass.

'Have you got those in a five?' Lisa asked excitedly, rushing to the lone shop assistant and pointing to the display.

'I think so, madam,' the girl replied, flashing Viviane and Lisa a smile, 'I'll just go and check for you.'

The shop assistant returned with the boots, wrapped in tissue paper as though they were valuable artefacts. Lisa sat down and slipped her sandals off quickly, eager to pull the long, tight boots on. Once they were, she strode around the shop, looking anxiously in the mirror and at Viviane.

'Well, what do you think?' she asked, eyes full of hope.

Viviane shrugged. 'It's hard to say really,' she began. 'They're not really designed to be worn with jeans are they? I mean you don't really get the full effect that way, do you?'

Lisa pulled a face. Viviane was absolutely right, the boots were a comfortable fit, they could have been made for her, but such boots were made to be shown off. 'You're right,' she agreed reluctantly. 'What should I do?'

'If only you were wearing your skirt,' Viviane said, 'the one that looks far too short.'

'Where can you get a good skirt from?' Lisa asked, a look of panic in her eyes. She was already in love with the boots and the thought of having to go home and come back the next day was too horrible to contemplate.

'There's a good little place downstairs,' the shop assistant suggested. 'It's called "Shady" and they've got a lot of really good stuff in there.'

Lisa started to pull the boots off even before Viviane had a chance to protest. The boots were quicker to come off than they were to put on, and when she handed them to the assistant it was as though they were hers already.

'It's a ghastly shop,' Viviane said as they walked down the stairs to the third storey.

'The skirt doesn't have to be brilliant,' Lisa replied, 'all I want is something to give me an idea how my boots look.'

The pounding rhythm and harsh music that greeted them as they entered "Shady" made Viviane wince and Lisa nod appreciatively as they walked in. 'What a horrible place,' Viviane whispered as Lisa homed in on a rack of ultra-short pleated skirts.

'What's wrong with it?' Lisa asked innocently, flicking through the rack looking for her size.

'It's so young,' Viviane laughed. 'It makes me feel like I'm a hundred years old.'

'Don't be silly,' Lisa assured her, 'you could wear anything from this shop.'

'You're being very sweet,' Viviane told her, raising her voice so that she could be heard over the raucous music, 'but I don't think so.'

Lisa gave her what she thought was a stern look. 'Size twelve, right?'

Viviane nodded. 'Yes, I'm a 12,' she admitted.

'Good.' Lisa selected two of the skirts and took Viviane's hand and promptly led her to the changing room. 'Come on,' she insisted, 'we're both going to try these on.'

Viviane watched as Lisa slipped her sandals off and then pulled her jeans down, tugging down sharply and pulling her lacy white panties down too. Lisa kept hold of her panties and removed her jeans completely, letting them fall to the floor in a crumbled denim heap. 'And you,' she urged, handing Viviane one of the skirts.

The short skirt fit Lisa perfectly, the rough black and white cotton wrapping tightly around her bottom and flaring only slightly at the thigh. Fashionably short, the skimpy garment complemented Lisa's lithe figure completely. When she moved, the skirt seemed to threaten to ride up, so that there was always the possibility that her pretty little backside would be accidentally exposed. She twirled in front of the mirror, admiring herself, obviously happy with the way it looked.

'Well, what do you think?' she asked excitedly.

'I think it looks good,' Viviane confessed, 'though it's far too short for you.'

Lisa giggled. 'Your turn now,' she insisted.

'This is silly,' Viviane muttered, undoing the zip at the side of her long skirt. She let it fall to her ankles and then bent down to pick it up and fold it neatly before handing over to Lisa. Her long smooth thighs were tanned and flawless, the black satin G-string she wore contrasted sexily with her golden skin.

Lisa smiled. 'You do look good,' she remarked admiringly. 'There are girls half your age who'd do anything to look as good as you.'

'Now that is going too far!' Viviane laughed as she wrapped the short skirt around her. It was a tight fit, the material clinging to her curves as she moved, and seemed to expose all of her thighs.

'See how good you look,' Lisa urged, pointing to the mirror. She was smiling, happy because she knew that Viviane looked excellent in the short skirt. Looking at her it was hard to believe that she was Katy's mum and not a slightly older sister.

Viviane regarded herself in the mirror with a look of hesitation. 'It's just so short,' she mumbled, moving back and forth, checking to see how much of herself was hidden and how much exposed.

'Come on,' Lisa said, taking Viviane by the arm again, 'we'll keep these on.' The shop assistant didn't blink an eyelid when Lisa paid for the two skirts that they were wearing.

At the top of the stairs, on the way back to the shoe shop, Viviane turned to look back and instantly her face coloured red. 'What is it?' Lisa asked, noting the embarrassed expression.

'Just a man down there looking up our skirts,' Viviane reported, hurrying across the walkway towards the shoe shop.

Lisa laughed, giggling naughtily. 'He's just paying us a compliment,' she explained. 'We've got lovely legs, why hide them?'

Viviane looked at her, exasperated. 'You really are a bad influence, aren't you?' she said, her voice suddenly sharp and angry.

Lisa stopped dead in her tracks. 'I'm sorry,' she whispered, suddenly an adolescent. 'I just thought we were having fun, that's all.'

Viviane relented almost immediately. Her voice softened and she managed an apologetic smile. 'No, I'm sorry,' she said. 'It's just that I feel a bit self-conscious that's all.'

'But there's no need to be,' Lisa insisted forcefully. 'You do look good, you're an attractive woman, you look like my sister and not my best friend's mum. Honestly, Viviane, you look fine, that skirt does wonders for you.'

'Come on, let's get the boots,' Viviane said, starting to walk towards the shop again.

The boots did look good, the shiny black leather matching the dark material of the skirt, and the long expanse of leg between skirt and boot drawing the eye naturally. Lisa insisted on keeping them on, she handed over a credit card with a happy smile on her face.

The walk back to the car was strangely silent, as though both women were musing on the day's events. The sunlight seemed to stroke Lisa's bare thighs and the slight breeze was a constant reminder of just how short the skirt she wore was. She kept sneaking a glance at Viviane, both to admire Viviane's beautifully long legs and well shaped behind and also in the hope that she could gauge Viviane's mood.

'You'd better put the bag on the back seat,' Viviane suggested, opening the rear seat of the car.

Lisa leaned across the rear seat to put the bag down and realised that her skirt had ridden up at the back. She tensed suddenly, aware that Viviane's hand was stroking her thigh. She hardly dared to move for a second as Viviane's cool fingers travelled up slowly, from behind the knee right up to the join of thigh and buttock and then stopping directly between the thighs.

'Do you realise that this is how much can be seen of you right now?' Viviane asked, her fingers pressing gently into the warmth of Lisa's sex.

Lisa swallowed hard, she suddenly realised that she was wet between the thighs, and that Viviane's touch felt divine. She wiggled slightly, arching her back so that her backside was even more rounded and Viviane's fingers were pressing into the strip of moist lace that covered her pussy. 'No,' she whispered, 'is my skirt that short?'

Viviane made no move to remove her hand, she stroked Lisa gently, back and forth as though toying absent mindedly. 'Do you really want to show this much of yourself to any man that passes?'

Lisa closed her eyes, the feel of Viviane's fingers was

Lisa leaned across the rear seat to put the bag down and realised that her skirt had ridden up at the back. She tensed suddenly, aware that Viviane's hand was stroking her thigh.

making her wetter and hotter. 'No,' she sighed, 'but I don't usually bend over like this.'

Suddenly Viviane was walking around to the driver's seat and Lisa was left alone, leaning across the back seat with her backside on display. She straightened up quickly, slightly confused by what she had just experienced. Her pussy was wet and her heart was pounding, but Viviane was so unconcerned that perhaps the whole thing had been done completely innocently. When she slid into the front passenger seat her face was red and she could hardly look at Viviane, who was chatting away as though nothing had happened.

It wasn't a long journey home, but all the while Lisa kept sneaking glances at Viviane's long legs, exposed by the short skirt, or at Viviane's expression. It had to be innocent, she could hardly dare believe there was another explanation for what had happened.

'Is anything the matter?' Viviane asked as she parked the car outside her house.

'No, nothing,' Lisa mumbled, her face colouring pink with embarrassment once more.

They got out of the house and Lisa started for the car but then remembered the stuff on the back seat. She turned and saw that Viviane was bent over, reaching for the bag that had slipped into a corner. The skirt had indeed risen high, and Lisa was treated to a view of Viviane's delightfully lithe thighs, the curve of her bottom cheeks and the sight of a sliver of black satin pulled tight between those bottom cheeks.

Lisa moved even before she knew what she was doing, she reached out, trembling fingers touching smooth, warm skin. She let her fingers travel across Viviane's thigh and then inside, stroking the soft inner thigh until she stopped at the satiny briefs which were tight against the warmth of Viviane's sex. Her fingers lingered for a moment, she could feel the moistness, the delicious feel of excitement deep inside Viviane.

'Well?' Viviane asked, turning to look over her shoulder.

Lisa shrank back, face blazing red. 'I was just getting you back,' she murmured, unable to think of anything better to say.

'I think we'd better go inside,' Viviane told her, handing over the plastic carrier bag.

Lisa followed Viviane into the kitchen, dreading what she had done and hoping desperately that she'd be able to find a way out of it. What would Katy say if she knew what had happened? It had been silly to force Viviane into a short skirt when it was obviously not what she wanted.

'Look at me,' Viviane said, turning to face Lisa. She was angry, her blue eyes were full of cold anger, an expression that Lisa had not seen for many years.

'You do look good,' Lisa insisted, it was true but it was not what Viviane wanted to hear.

'Do you remember I said I thought you were a bad influence on my Katy?'

'Yes, but...'

'Well look at me,' Viviane snapped. 'I didn't want to dress like this and yet you ended up buying the skirt and practically forcing me to wear it.'

'But...I thought we were having fun...'

'Were you having fun the first time you gave Katy a cigarette? Or the first time you two got drunk? Or the time she was at your house instead of doing her revision?'

Lisa shrank back. It was all true, she had given Katy a cigarette, and told her how adult it was to smoke. They had got drunk together because she had doctored the orange juice with vodka. And revision was so boring when there was a house full of records to disappear to.

'Don't you have anything to say?' Viviane demanded.

'But that was so long ago,' Lisa whimpered.

'Well, this time I'm going to do something I wanted to do all those years ago,' Viviane told her. She reached for the carrier back and pulled out one of Lisa's leather sandals.

'What are you going to do with that?' Lisa asked, her eyes widening with horror.

'Turn round and bend over the table,' Viviane ordered, gripping the sandal tightly.

Lisa looked at Viviane, hoping that she would relent the way she had done all the other times during the day, but it wasn't going to happen. She felt confused and her heart was pounding in her chest. Reluctantly she turned round and bent over the table, aware that the short skirt was rising as she bent over. The surface of the table was cool and welcoming as she rested her face on it; unfortunately the edge was hard and cut into her waist.

'This is for all the times you should have been spanked by me and weren't,' Viviane told her, flicking up the tiny ribbon of material that barely covered Lisa's taut bottom cheeks.

'This is for all the times you should have been spanked by me and weren't,' Viviane told her, flicking up the tiny ribbon of material that barely covered Lisa's taut bottom cheeks.

Lisa held her breath, hoping that it would only sting a little bit and that it would be over in a second. The sharp sound of the sandal exploding on the soft flesh of her backside was followed by a sharper sound of her cry of pain. It hurt, a red heat seemed to have been burned into her skin. She tried to stand up but Viviane pushed her down again.

'Please not again,' Lisa whimpered but it was too late. The second stroke landed on her left buttock, leaving a sharp imprint of pain and a red oval on her white flesh. A third and a fourth stroke followed, imparted with full force as Viviane inflicted the punishment.

'You've always been a bad girl,' Viviane told her through gritted teeth as she inflicted the fifth and the sixth stroke.

Lisa yelped and struggled, the red heat on her bottom was spreading to her thighs and to her pussy. Her face was red with embarrassment and humiliation as she was punished by her best friend's mum. She reached back and touched her behind, feeling the distinct ridges of red skin where the leather sandal had beaten down.

There was a pause while Viviane pulled Lisa's white knickers down, pulling the thin white lace garment down between Lisa's knees. Then she resumed the strict punishment, beating out several more strokes on Lisa's completely bare, and very red, behind. Finally Lisa burst into tears, crying and sobbing like a child as her bottom was tanned with the flat leather sole.

'I'm so sorry, so sorry,' Lisa sobbed when she was finally allowed to stand.

Viviane looked at her and then opened her arms. Lisa fell into Viviane's embrace, crying on her shoulder as she sought comfort and reassurance. Her backside was blazing, her bottom cheeks very red and smarting all over, her knickers down at her ankles. 'Oh it hurts, it hurts,' she complained as she sobbed, aware that her skirt had fallen back into place.

'There there now,' Viviane murmured soothingly. She reached down and pulled the skirt up again before pressing her hands onto Lisa's punished backside. She stroked

and smoothed, exploring Lisa's backside with her skilful fingers. When she strayed between Lisa's bottom cheeks and touched her fingers to Lisa's sex she was rewarded with dew drops of moisture.

'I'm wet,' Lisa sighed, looking into Viviane's eyes as though surprised to find herself aroused after her spanking.

Viviane kissed Lisa on the mouth, not a soft, chaste kiss but something hard and passionate, forcing her tongue between Lisa's quivering lips. Lisa sighed, swooning with pleasure and pain as she accepted Viviane's kiss along with the sharp pain on her bottom cheeks.

'Go upstairs now,' Viviane told her, kissing her softly on the mouth.

'Why?' Lisa asked, looking lost as she struggled with the feelings raging deep inside her.

'Because you've been punished for what you've done in the past,' Viviane explained, 'and now you're going to be punished for what you did today.'

'Where are you going?' Lisa asked, her eyes filling with tears again.

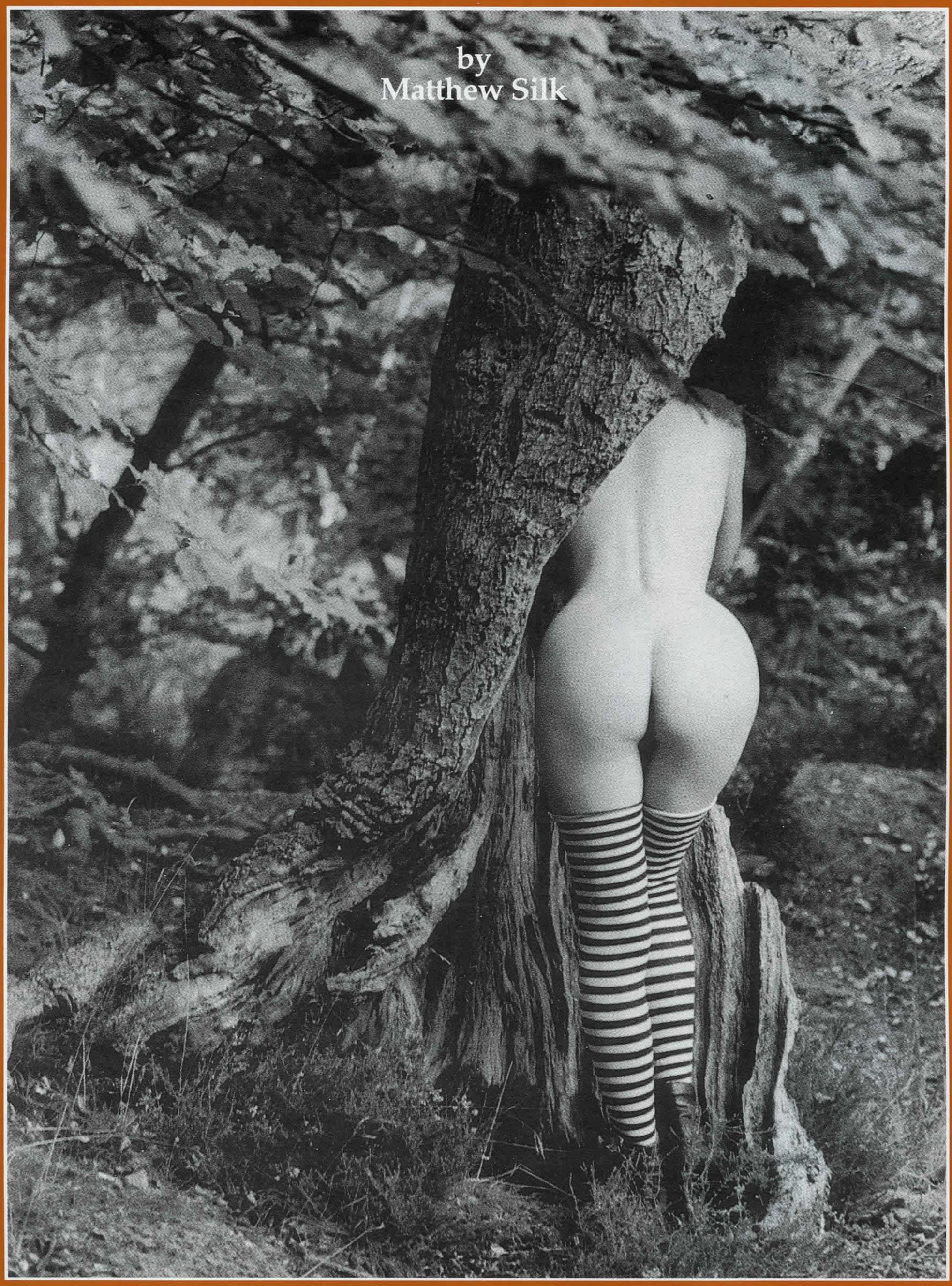
'To fetch the cane I've been saving up for you all these years.'

Lisa felt the excitement deep inside her sex, a pure physical sensation that made her sigh. She turned and walked towards the stairs, knowing that she was going to be caned by her best friend's mum. It felt strange, she should have felt horror or anger, but instead she was aching to be touched, it felt as though she were being quietly led astray. ❑

CONCLUDING EPISODE IN FEBRUS 13

ONE TO ONE

by
Matthew Silk



Trevor Watson

She stood on the edge of the wood, glancing round to make sure nobody was watching. It was surprising how much she remembered from last year. She even recognised individual trees.

Above her, pinned high up on the bark, the familiar faded signs were still there proclaiming: KEEP OUT! PRIVATE! NO TRESPASSERS!

She ignored them and slipped her small lithe body over the fence and ran, bent low, to a bush where she hid.

Her heart was pounding but she could not turn back now. When she had calmed herself she slipped her

mobile phone out of her jacket pocket and dialled her Master.

He answered immediately. 'You are in the wood?'

'Yes Master.'

'Then proceed to the tree. The stranger will meet you there.'

It had been three weeks ago, after the last time the Master had caned her, when he told her: 'I have a special treat for you.'

'Do you remember you told me once of your favourite fantasy where you go to meet a stranger and he whips you and you never see him again?'

'Yes,' she said quietly, sitting naked on his lap, her hands around his neck, her thick long curly hair tumbling down her back.

'Well, I have arranged for you to meet your stranger. All you have to do is present yourself in the woods at the tree where I whipped you last summer. Do you remember?'

Of course she remembered. It had been one of the most memorable days of her life. They had been driving through the country one warm evening when the Master had seen the woods. It was the height of summer with the trees and bushes in full bloom. The Master had made her strip and then walk through the dense forest naked. It had rained earlier and the leaves were still wet as they brushed her slender body. They had come eventually to a clearing where there was a large tree with a huge squat trunk and thick branches stretched out about six feet from the ground. He had made her stand with her arms spread wide clasping the trunk and then he had cut a thin sapling and thrashed her.

She put her mobile phone back in her pocket and edged herself tentatively out of the bush.

Gradually she became more confident, the wood was so remote there was really no reason for anyone else to be there. She walked warily through the bushes until she could see the tree in front of her, the low branches spreading out like tentacles clearing the space around. She stood where she had been whipped by the Master and leaned her back against the trunk to wait.

The wood was deadly quiet apart from the rustle of the warm breeze through the branches. Suddenly her mobile phone rang out loudly.

'Are you by the tree?'

'Yes Master.'

'Good, is he there?'

'No, I can't see him.'

'Don't worry, he will be. Take off your clothes. You must be naked when he arrives.'

'No, I can't,' she whispered horrified. 'What if..

But he stopped her short. 'Do it!' he ordered.

Reluctantly she began taking off her jacket and then her boots. All the time looking around. 'Hurry, hurry,' the Master said down the phone giving her orders from more than 50 miles away.

She took off her jumper and tee shirt and even more nervously pushed down her jeans leaving just her bra, covering her slight breasts, and her tiny white panties.

'Master do I have to?' she pleaded.

'Everything,' the Master said. 'You told me that in your fantasy you are naked when you meet your stranger. That is why he punishes you - for being naked in the wood.'

It was true. Her fantasy had been inspired by all those fading Keep Out signs at the edge of the wood. Why were there so many? Who would want to protect their privacy that much?

But stripping alone in the forest was much more scary than she had imagined. She uncoupled her bra and slipped her panties off, dropping them on the pile with her other clothes. Naked, she stood with her back against the bark of the tree watching the forest intently for any sign of her stranger. It was dangerous, and frightening but also, now she had done it, overwhelmingly exciting.

'Master, who is this man? How well do you know him? Have I ever seen him? Can't you tell me anything about him?' she whispered into the phone.

The Master laughed. 'No, that would spoil it. You said you wanted to be punished by a complete stranger. Be patient you will soon find out.'

And at that moment she jumped with shock as she saw him stepping out of the bushes. Dark hair tied in a pony tail, green oilskin jacket, public schoolish, not particularly strong looking, surprisingly young, early twenties, like her. He was staring at her.

'He's here,' she gasped breathlessly closing the phone, her tummy instantly pulled tight.

'What the hell do you think you are doing?' He strode forward into the clearing. Upper middle class accent.

'Didn't you see the signs? Private. Keep out. No trespassing. Can't you read for God's sake?'

'I'm sorry, I didn't realise...'

'Why have you taken off your clothes?' He was standing just a few feet from her now. Instinctively she covered herself with her hand.

'My Master ordered me to.'

'Your Master. Is that who you were talking to on the phone?'

'Yes.'

'And where is he?'

'In London.'

He stared at her. She blushed with embarrassment as he arrogantly examined her body. She was still half crouching, protecting herself with her hand.

He walked up to her and firmly took her arms and placed them behind her back at the same time lifting her so she stood upright. Then he stepped back and examined her again.

Her thick brown curly hair fell down half covering her small breasts. She saw him looking at her prominent pubic bush woven from the same thick brown curls. Boyfriends were always surprised such a small slender girl should have such a deep carpet of hair.

He rotated his finger in a circle indicating she should turn round. She did so clasping her hands in front so he had a full view of her neat, pretty buttocks. As a submissive she had been trained to present herself.

Naked, she stood with her back against the bark of the tree watching the forest intently for any sign of her stranger. It was dangerous, and frightening but also, now she had done it, overwhelmingly exciting.

She waited for an age for him to do or say something. Finally he said: 'Your Master. Does he discipline you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you submit to him willingly?'

'Yes, of course.'

Obviously he already knew her answers. But she was often made to confess her desire for discipline, especially to those she was meeting for the first time.

He again left a long silence before speaking to her again.

'The penalty for trespassing in these woods is a whipping. It is a law which dates back to the 12th century. Nobody has ever got round to repealing the law so technically it still applies. Anyone breaking it shall be whipped "upon their naked person until fully repentant". Have you heard of this law?'

She shook her head. 'No, sir,' she said honestly. Her fantasy had been more straightforward but she did not mind him embellishing it with his own imagination. They were meeting for mutual pleasure and she could not expect the fantasy to remain exclusively hers when she shared it with another.

'I knew I was trespassing sir. I can only throw myself on your mercy,' she said quietly. She could not give him a clearer signal of her willingness to proceed.

Again it was an age before he replied. 'Don't call me sir, call me my lord. That is the form of address a medieval lady would use to her captor.'

'Yes, my lord,' she said.

'Very well, if you accept this punishment. Come here my lady.'

He pulled her forward by the wrist to one of the long branches and stood her beneath it.

'Raise your arms.'

She was puzzled by his order but lifted her arms until they were pointing straight up above her head. Her fingers reached to just below the branch.

'Mmm,' never mind, I think I have the solution.'

He slipped his belt from his trousers. She thought for a moment he was going to use it on her as the master had done several times but instead he threw it over the top of the branch and buckled it above her head so it hung down in a loop.

'Take hold of the belt, my lady,' he said.

She still had to reach up but her arms were not at full stretch.

'Good. Hold on to the belt with both hands. If you let go the punishment will be extremely severe.'

He walked around her in a full circle examining her from all sides while she stood with her arms raised above her slight figure, her breasts pulled almost flat against her chest.

He had been well briefed. In her fantasies she was often made to wait naked, sometimes with her hands clasped to her head, for hours before being whipped. She liked the self discipline involved and the feeling it gave her of handing over control.

'The penalty for trespassing in these woods is a whipping. It is a law which dates back to the 12th century. Nobody has ever got round to repealing the law so technically it still applies.

She stayed holding onto the belt while he walked away and began gathering sticks from the surrounding undergrowth with which he appeared to be making a birch.

Her submissiveness had always led her to take chances. She could still vividly remember every moment of her first visit to the Master not knowing what to expect, wondering if they would just talk, and her excitement as she was placed over his stool, her panties pulled down to her ankles and she took her very first strokes of the cane.

Finally he came back with a bunch of twigs and a sapling. He laid his jacket on the floor by her feet, sat down on it and took a knife from his pocket. He began methodically cutting the twigs, nicking off the buds and shaping them, taking his time, placing one twig carefully against another until the birch was full and thick.

She stood watching him work. How did he know the Master? How many other girls had he birched? Were they made to stand under this branch too? How many strokes did he give them? What did he mean by whipped until fully repentant? How repentant would she have to be?

He took some twine from his pocket and bound the twigs expertly, occasionally glancing at her.

When he was satisfied he picked up the thin sapling, cutting it to a manageable length and smoothing the bark where necessary.

He put his knife away. 'Have you been birched before my lady?' he asked.

She shook her head. 'No, my lord,' she said swallowing nervously realising the moment had come.

He walked behind her but instead of standing next to her he kept on walking. She looked anxiously over her shoulder to see where he was going. He stopped some 20 feet away and practised swinging the birch. Despite its thickness it seemed quite light.

He saw her looking. 'Face the front and stand still with your feet together,' he ordered. She turned away, embarrassed.

The inside of her thighs began to tremble as she clung tightly to the belt. She felt every breath of wind brushing her and she shivered slightly as she waited with tightening anticipation. What was he doing? Why was he taking so long?

Then she heard his steps, powerful and rapid over the ground coming towards her, thud, thud, thud, thud, closer and closer, a swish and then the thin sticks whipped across her small tight bottom exploding in a thousand stings.

She had never experienced anything like it before. The twigs were so light, yet sharp. She gasped, biting her lip, raised up on her toes, her bottom cheeks pressed together to contain the spreading agony.

He took the knife from his trouser pocket and began carving a mark in the bark of the branch. 'So we can keep a record,' he said.

When he had finished he walked back without even looking at her and she waited again, her cheeks still stinging from the first stroke. He was taking so long. But he had all the time he liked.

Then she heard him. She stiffened, bracing herself. Thud, thud, thud, thud, thud, she waited perfectly still, feet together, legs

straight, clasping the belt. Swish! A second impact and instant pain in virtually the same area of her neat bum making her cry out. This time his run almost took him past her. She pinched and released her cheeks as she fought the pain. The birch had already virtually covered her whole rear.

He carved a second digit in the branch, exposing the gleaming new wood beneath the bark.

She fantasised about boys of her own age whipping her but in reality they never had the maturity, the confidence, the required arrogance to dominate her. But this boy had it. He had assumed control from the beginning. No wonder the Master had selected him.

He grasped a cheek of her backside firmly with his hand making her catch her breath. 'You are a little thing aren't you? But that is good. Medieval ladies were also small. They would have been made to stand for a whipping in just the place you are standing now. Do you know much about medieval England?'

'No, sir.'

His hand smacked the back of her thighs stinging her hard three times. 'Address me properly.'

'Yes, my lord,' she whispered.

'The medieval period is my favourite in history,' he went on calmly.

'Then it was an honour to submit to your lord. You gave allegiance until death, and even after his death, and in return he cared for you. It was simple but it worked.'

He rubbed the smarting spot he had just smacked. 'You take a spanking well, my lady,' he said. 'You would have been a good wife for a medieval lord.'

She took the compliment as a tribute to her acting skills. Her bottom and thighs were tingling madly.

He walked back, taking his time. She counted the steps as he ran towards her squeezing her eyes shut. The twigs lashed her across the crease of her cheeks, the force of the stroke pushing her forward, the leather belt creaking on the branch. Another notch, but still only three. The birch may have been light but each stroke added another thousand stings to her bum.

'Ah, I see you are already beginning to respect the birch,' he laughed, watching the agitated squirming of her buttocks as she struggled to keep her feet together

while he finished carving the next mark and put his knife back in his pocket.

She could just about hear him walking in the undergrowth behind her and then there was silence and she strained to hear his first steps coming towards her.

The birch whipped across her upper thighs, striking her where she had been spanked. She strangled a cry in her throat while her feet danced on the forest floor.

He made another mark on the branch. It was now obvious why the Master had chosen him. How had he become so expert while so young?

As he walked back this time she sneaked a look behind her turning the cheeks of her bottom for a better look and saw they were bright scarlet.

She wondered how many strokes he intended to give her. He had not said. Did he have a figure in mind? Perhaps it was time to show some repentance.

'I'm sorry I was trespassing my lord. I shan't do it again,' she called back at him.

'I should hope not, my lady. That is why I am birching you,' he replied.

He ran at her again, her hair tumbled down her back to her trim little behind. She heard him swing the birch and lash it down with cruel accuracy. 'Aaah!' she gasped, twisting on the belt as the fire spread once more across the surface of her cheeks.

This time he did not walk back. He stood next to her and she saw he had the thin whippy sapling in his hand.

'Every sixth stroke will be with this. Now push your little bottom out, my lady. That's it. Feet together. Further. Further still. Good.'

She was straining to arch her back to obey him pushing her bottom back as far as she could. He whipped the sapling down. A band of concentrated fire streaked across her cheeks, burning deep. She raised right up on her toes, clenching her bum tight, holding her breath as long as she could, determined not to cry out.

She was still struggling to contain the agony when he ran at her again with the birch and whipped her cruelly across the raised weal on the crown of her cheeks. She yelled, swivelling and turning, making the belt chafe on the branch as her cry soared through the forest.

He stopped and examined her before walking back. 'We may not be acquainted very long my lady but I think you will remember me for a long time will you not?'

'Yes, my lord,' she gasped.

Each time she was whipped she tried desperately to contain the pain exploding across the surface of her rear. And each time she was a little less successful as another layer was laid upon the last.

Then she heard his steps, powerful and rapid over the ground coming towards her, thud, thud, thud, thud, closer and closer, a swish and then the thin sticks whipped across her small tight bottom exploding in a thousand stings.

She felt each stroke separately. From the first stinging impact of the birch, to the gradual spreading through her body adding to the others, melting her resistance. The individual strokes were the same, it was the accumulation of them she found harder each time to bear.

The birching already seemed to have lasted a lifetime. She had never before experienced such a slow punishment. He worked carefully and methodically for several minutes carving each neat mark on the branch, putting away his knife, picking up the birch, walking back, while she waited and waited, as still as she could, feet together, legs straight, absorbing the effects of the last stroke until she heard his steps advancing towards her again...

The waiting was almost as humiliating as the birching.

She saw him carve the eleventh digit on the branch and pick up the sapling. Obediently she pushed out her bottom for him hoping her compliance might bring some leniency. He held it a few inches from her behind. She pushed her cheeks back further until they touched it. Then he drew it back high and wide and swung it down with youthful force. Her cry was raised to the tops of the trees.

This time he did not walk back. She was surprised to see him standing close to her untying the belt, lowering her aching arms. The birching had finished so quickly, catching her unawares. She could not help looking at the belt in his hands wondering again if he planned to use it.

He caught her looking. 'Well, well, well still eager for more my lady?' he said wrapping the buckle around his fist.

'No, please, my lord,' she begged, appalled at her own betrayal. But her protest was half-hearted. He had already taken her beyond the limits of her own self-control now she was powerless to resist the forces within her.

He turned her about, pushing her to the sloping ground by the tree trunk.

'Bend over.'

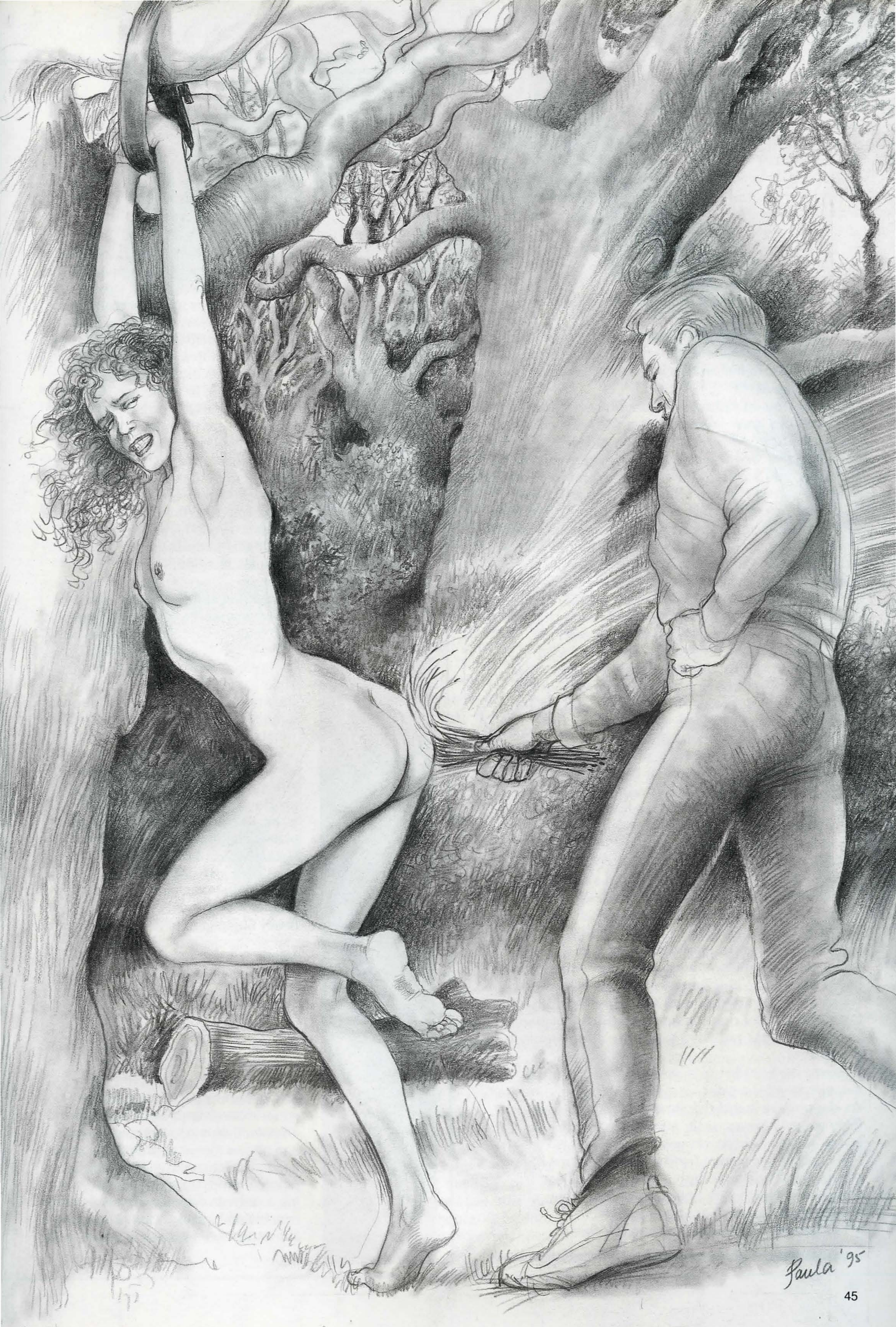
'My lord, no,' she wailed, but she obeyed, dropping her hands down on to the steeply sloping forest floor, her hair falling in a thick carpet on the ground, and straightening her legs to make her body into a V shape presenting her bottom to the belt.

He tapped her ankles with his boot. She widened them so they made another V, pulling her buttocks apart. She saw the belt just briefly through her legs, wrapped around his fist to about half its length before it disappeared and moments later she felt the lash of the broad leather as it spanked her raised rear and she cried out.

The leather smacked her rapidly back and forth, backhand and forehand, across her parted crimson buttocks. The shortness of the belt meant he could smack her where he liked with great accuracy. She twisted and wriggled and cried out under the non-stop assault as the leather slapped her all over her buttocks and thighs, sparing no part of her, so she never knew where it was going to land next.

She would have taken more but he saw she had taken enough.

He lifted her up and held her for several minutes in silence as she stood resting her head on his chest. She began to feel a wonderful sense of calm. She often found the shared intimacy of discipline even closer


Paula '95

than sex.

Eventually, he let her go and walked back to the branch to complete the marks while she watched him. Her own marks would fade in a few days but those on the tree recording her punishment would last for years.

He took a rag from his pocket and blindfolded her. Then he led her to the tree and made her grasp the trunk with her arms. She wondered what was coming now.

'Thank you my lady, it has been a pleasure,' he said.

'Don't go' she begged.

'Count to a hundred out loud,' he said ignoring her.

Reluctantly she began counting. 'One, two, three, four, five...' He was right, of course. He was still a stranger and in her fantasy she never saw her stranger again.

She carried on calling out the numbers clearly as his footsteps grew fainter. When she reached a hundred she dropped her hands to her sides. She knew he had gone. She was left with just the weals on her buttocks, still burning intensely, to remember him by.

She removed the rag, blinking in the afternoon light and looked around. There was no sign of him.

She dressed quickly, easing her tight jeans carefully over her sore cheeks, wishing she had worn a loose skirt. She was anxious to leave now and walked swiftly back to the fence by the road. Suddenly she stopped in her tracks. There was a middle aged man dressed incongruously in a suit and black city shoes standing by the gate. He had already seen her.

'Ah, there you are,' he said. 'Sorry I was late. Puncture, I thought you must have gone on ahead already. I didn't know where the tree was so I thought it best not to venture too far. I hope you haven't been waiting too long.'

She stood looking at him stunned.

'You can't be... but... how can you be... then who was...' she stammered, turning back into the wood where she had last seen her stranger. Slowly she began to realise what had happened.

The man picked up a riding crop off the ground. 'Look, I've brought this to tan your little hide.'

She still could not believe it. She could not have submitted to the wrong man. Could she? It was too extraordinary a coincidence. He had seemed to know so much about her. Besides, what kind of man would have the arrogance to birch a naked woman he came across accidentally on a walk in the woods?

She put her hand to her mouth. A woman who had told him she had been sent by the Master to whom she submitted herself willingly for discipline? Put like that how many men given such an open invitation would not have taken the opportunity to thrash her?

Before she could stop herself she was running away through the trees, crashing through the bushes. As she ran she heard the startled shouts of the man. 'Hey come back you little minx. Where are you going. Come here damn you.'

She felt in her pocket for the mobile phone. She stopped and hurled it high into the branches. It soared through the air, spinning and turning, plummeting to the ground out of sight.

She turned and ran deeper into the forest. ❑

As I have often commented before on these pages, people approach the subject of spanking with various motives, values and expectations. None of them are wrong (as long as they all participants are willing), they are simply different. A letter from a Reader, published in this issue, prompted me to think more closely about some of the rituals and practices that are often included in disciplinary sessions. There are some phrases and acts that continually crop up in both our fiction and correspondence; they are so common that we just accept them without question, yet their use is highly significant in helping us understand the mood and attitudes involved.

'Assume the Position.' The command that shows who is in control and that proceedings are about to commence. The fact that both parties know which position is required signifies shared experience and understanding; the actual position denotes a quality of their relationship (or the fantasy they are enacting).

Presenting herself for punishment across her chastiser's lap signifies submission, but the close physical proximity also indicates a degree of intimacy. Even if fully clothed, their bodies will mutually press against the sexual areas of one another and the inevitable jerk upon each impact will reinforce this contact. In this position, it is impossible to use a large or heavy implement with any accuracy, and so the most common method is a traditional hand-spanking or the use of a small, easily controlled domestic object such as a hairbrush or slipper. Again, these carry an association of cosy intimacy, whether applied on bare buttock flesh or over a thin layer of clothing.

Bending over an item of furniture has mixed connotations. On the one hand, it keeps a physical distance - an objectivity - between the couple and allows for a range of items to be used. On the other, in providing a physical prop, the punisher is showing a degree of concern for the lady's comfort and safety. This position allows for some variety of supplemen-

MANY A LOATHED RITE

An Article by
Julie Holmes

tary orders to be issued, such as to open the legs, raise the buttocks higher, arch the back or lower the head: it allows for greater control, both in physical and psychological terms.

Bending over touching toes or grasping ankles shows a situation of total submission and dominance. The girl is completely disempowered as it takes a great deal of effort to maintain the position, the more so once the punishment starts. She is helpless to resist her clothing being

adjusted or removed and has to trust her chastiser not to strike so heavily that she loses her balance or lets the position go. Her master has an unencumbered view of her bottom, legs and sexual areas which he can adjust to his tastes by deciding whether her feet should be together or parted and the extent of her disrobing.

'Go and Change Your Clothes.' Keeping a special "punishment outfit" for these occasions fixes both minds on the situation. It is serious. There are preparations to be made, therefore it will not be rushed. By donning the designated costume, the lady relinquishes her identity and any claim to be in control. The final removal of the outfit at the end of the punishment signifies a return to the status quo.

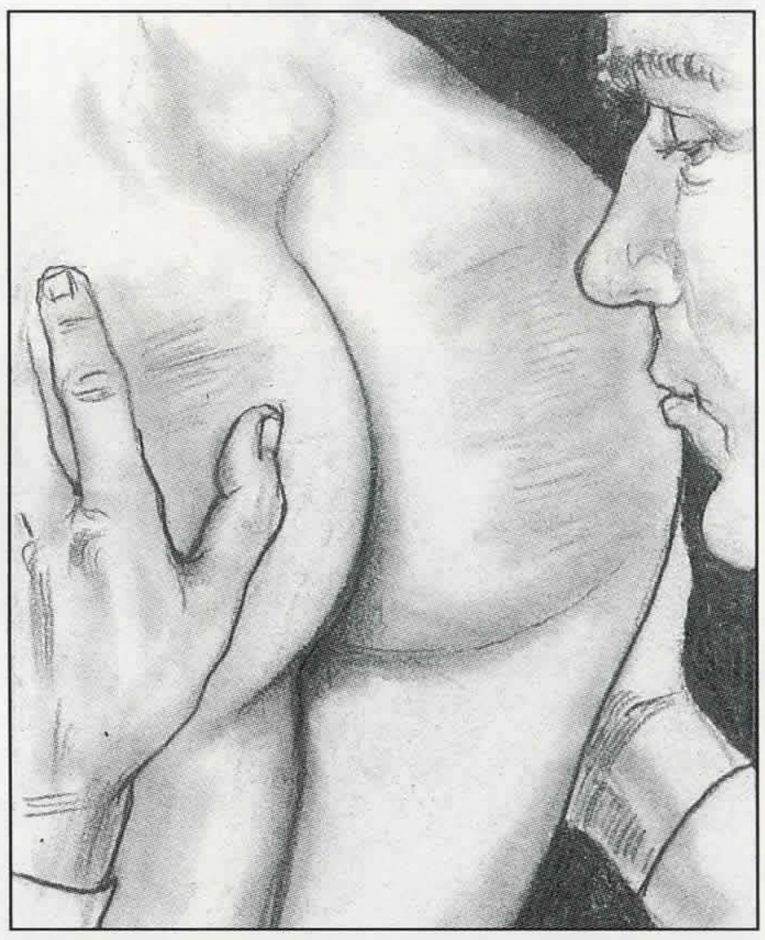
'Fetch the Cane.' Being made to collect the punishment tool forces the girl to acknowledge her subservience and compliance. It confirms that she is agreeing to be punished and is willing for the chosen implement to be used. If she refuses the carry out the errand, the punishment cannot proceed, so she has one final chance to exert some influence over the situation.

'Kiss the Rod.' By kissing the cane (or whatever is to be used), the lady is acknowledging her acceptance and respect for it. She may feel trepidation at her forthcoming ordeal, but she accepts it as being just; she will not resist or protest. The act may involve a cursory "peck" just to reinforce their roles, or it may entail a more elaborate ceremony involving formula words or acts of debasement.

'Count the Strokes.' The order reinforces the chastiser's control of the situation. If his victim is to count the strokes before they are delivered, it also lets her keep some influence on events as she can pace the strokes to allow her some "recovery time" between each one. If, however, she is to count after each stroke, she loses any control, because her punisher can choose to wait for an unspecified period between her counting one stroke and delivering the next; or he may opt to strike immediately she speaks.

'Go and Stand in the Corner.' Making the girl strike a particular pose once the thrashing is over extends the period of discipline. She dare not defy the order for fear of incurring further punishment. Facing the wall, hands on head, maintains and reinforces her status as submissive: she cannot rub her smarting bottom, despite her instinctive wish to do so; she cannot prevent her discomfort (and discolouring) from being observed - and, perhaps, gloated over.

'Let Me Kiss Your Bottom.' Reconciliation is an important part of the ceremony. It may take place before the punishment is enacted - a declaration that what is about to happen is an act of love, that there is no malice, that the recipient of the punishment is respected. If it takes



place afterwards, it can be regarded as a token of thanks, an acknowledgement of the girl's endurace of her chastisement. Accepting such attentions, again, demonstrates the lady's acquiescence and assent to all that is taking place.

Some of these commands may be greeted with unease or even revulsion when issued but, in abiding by them, couples generate a feeling of safety and familiarity in their activities. They know the situation is under control; that it will follow a given pattern; that it will end and there will be a reconciliation. To outsiders, they may seem bizarre or distasteful, but to the protagonists they are an important, essential, part of their activities. ❑

Paula's Letterbox

Do men have more imagination than women when it comes to devising erotic scenarios? After reading your letters for this issue, my mind could not help following up this line of enquiry. In fact, a male friend of mine had asked this very question recently, and immediately provoked the response from one of the women present, 'Good heavens no! Men are so boring and always want to do the same thing.' Then followed some reminiscences of experiences we had shared, which made us all smile as they were recalled, and in every case it seemed to have been a man who had done the initial planning of the adventure, and the women had participated, but, what I realised was this — it's not that we women lack imagination. We just ADORE to have a scene set up for us; it's the element of anticipation which is so arousing, but once we are in it we will probably do something quite spontaneous which may send some carefully planned occasion spinning off wildly in a completely unexpected direction! We like to have a framework, but we enjoy playing the anarchic role within that framework.

Perhaps that's why the martinets and straps and canes are brought out with such regularity!

Many men, it seems, when it comes to the subject of their favourite sexy scenarios, probably would be happy to do the same thing time and time again, but most of the women I know love to explore with their partner; constantly try something new, which means that the men have to become more and more inventive. Jolly good thing too!

Read on and tell me what you think.

Paula

The Kiss

The astuteness of analysis, and command of the subject being demonstrated in Julie Holmes' article appearing in *Februs* 9, 'Ten Things You Really Want To Know ...', leads me to ask the following:

Why do some Ladies offer their bare bottoms to be kissed lightly on both cheeks immediately prior to being spanked or caned?

Similarly, why do Ladies sometimes take the hairbrush or cane and kiss it before their spanking commences?

Could it be that such is done as a sign of recognition of "empathy" present between the Lady about to be spanked or caned and the one who is about to do it for her?

N.P.
Stockport

For an exploration of this theme, see Julie Holmes' article on Page 47.

Sign of the Times

I've written to you previously about bottom-related articles in the newspaper. Happily, there is no sign of this trend ceasing. The "Style" section of a recent edition of *The Sunday Times* (17/9/95) included an article which seems to have been inspired by the recent launch of a new make of jeans, designed specifically to enhance the shape of the bottom. The article goes on to describe a new dance craze which involves young ladies celebrating their backsides by flaunting them on the dance floor. The article is illustrated by a couple of pictures, one of which is apparently from the cover of a record. The singer, an attractive young lady by the name of Adina Howard, is resting on the bonnet of a car looking over her shoulder. Her shapely bottom is clad in the tightest pair of short shorts, under which she is wearing fishnet tights. If the picture cannot be reproduced, I can only recommend that readers take a trip to their local record shop.

B.C.
Bradford

Real Stingers

I was glad you were able to publish my letter under the heading "Lines or lines" in *Februs* 10. I thought I would update you and your readers, especially the

female ones, on a more unusual means of chastisement I received one day during our marvellous Summer which demonstrated to me how subtly and yet effectively we can be disciplined by an imaginative partner.

As I mentioned in my last letter, a typical session consists of receiving strokes of the cane with interludes of orally pleasuring my partner. On the occasion in question, having agreed that a punishment was well justified, I had duly placed myself over the small table in our bedroom before starting. However, when my partner joined me and started to undress he handed me his shirt and told me to quickly put it on and button it up. I was quite surprised that he wanted my nakedness covered but I soon found out the reason.

I was then directed to go out into our garden with kitchen scissors and to collect from an unkempt area three stalks of nettles, each about 18" long. This I did, with a sinking feeling in my stomach but with at least some relief that our garden is quite large and secluded from neighbours. Returning with them, I was then made to trim the leaves from the first 6" of each stem so they could be easily held. This still left plenty of fresh young leaves which clearly were to be applied to my body. My partner explained that provided I co-operated I would not need to be restrained on this occasion; however if I did not obediently respond to position myself as required then there would follow a traditional and severe session.

I was asked to remove the shirt and to lie on my back on the bed, with my head towards the bottom of the bed. I was then gently pulled backwards and my head lowered until it touched the floor and my upper torso was angled downwards. This was done, it was explained, to expose the undersides of my breasts as much as possible which was the first target. Gripping my head between his knees, a single stem was used for each breast and I received about 20 strokes on each, including the nipples which were left taut and swollen.

I was then required to stand touching my toes, legs together, while the third stem was used across my buttocks and upper thighs, again about 20 applications in all. This produced an overall warm redness as if the hairbrush had been used, but with a number of small blisters.

Finally I was ordered to squat with legs wide apart and hands on my knees. My partner than proceeded to slowly draw the stems from end to end through the parted lips between my legs. By means of occasional cuddles of encouragement and kisses to the mouth and to my stinging nipples, this stage was greatly prolonged. I must report that this developed into a most exquisite experience.

This mode of punishment turned out to be surprisingly severe. At the time I thought that I was getting light treatment but although the initial sting is nowhere near the intensity of the cut of a cane, the sensation does not diminish at all for about the first 12 hours and sleeping that night was fitful. I was still very aware of what had been done to me days later. I am inclined to think that this method could be primarily useful when a couple does not have sufficient privacy to allow for the crack and cry of a caning, but recommend female readers to try it just once if they have a willing partner, especially when it is lovingly applied to our most sensitive area!

Sincerely,

E.E.

Around the clock in 63 strokes

Interesting to read Ms E.E.s letter to you in your number 10 issue. My wife and I carry out very similar procedures to those described when a dose of discipline is needed. The letter also refers to the receiving of 28 strokes with a cane, which confirms our own findings that it is quite possible and necessary to exceed the "six of the best" which seem to so often be used.

I personally find that many more strokes can be given, provided they are applied over a long enough period of time. Both my wife and I enjoy the procedure being carried out over a long period and in this way her bottom can receive sufficient treatment to create a lasting impression on her for several days.

Perhaps Ms E.E. and her husband, or boyfriend, would be interested in one of our more marathon procedures which we carry out 2 or 3 times a year. This has an element of ritual in it which my wife finds exciting and can only be done when there is a completely free evening.

Briefly, the procedure is as follows. My wife is made to lie over a desk in our bedroom in the early evening, before 6pm, where she will remain for the rest of the evening. When the bedside clock beeps the hour at 6pm, I apply over the next several minutes six firm strokes of the cane. She is left with her thoughts until 7pm, when I return in time to hear the clock beep to signify that seven further strokes are needed. At 8pm a further eight strokes become necessary, increasing by one at each hour until 12 midnight a full dozen more are delivered to her rear. This completes the procedure.

The beauty of this approach is that at each hour, not only are there more strokes to take than

Letters

the previous time, but also the flesh is increasingly tender anyway. This builds up the tension and arousal for my wife hour-by-hour so that by about 10pm, she is usually in two minds whether she wants to continue. However a few firm words always ensures that her arousal overcomes her anxieties and she always gets through to completion.

An impressive total of 63 strokes are taken by my wife during such an evening which some readers may find hard to imagine. However it has to be remembered that they are delivered over a 6 hour period and each individual stroke is only applied when my wife indicates she is ready for another. I also extend my target area from the buttocks to down the backs of the legs to just above the knees.

Needless to say, after applying each hourly total, on occasions I will avail myself of my wife's prone position in various other ways. My wife also enjoys me recording each period of caning and then leaving the tape recorder playing back her squeals and cries while she waits for the next hour to arrive.

Perhaps more readers who are actively disciplining or being disciplined could describe their own preferences so that we might pick up some new ideas.

Regards,

Jim S.
London

Cait's Comments

Thanks for producing such an excellent magazine. Despite having read every edition I have yet to summon up the courage to go into the Janus shop and buy my own copy. Still, what else are husbands for if not to buy you your *Februs*?

A.Z.s letter in *Februs* 9 on Gorgeous Brats and Spoilt Princesses revived a few old memories for me. As a young girl I would avidly watch the old films that the BBC always put out on a Saturday evening, and I well remember seeing Ray Milan spank Paulette Goddard in Reap the Wild Wind. Others that stick in my mind are countless John Wayne films and Ann Helm getting spanked by Michael Craig in Iron Maiden. That the spanked girl always finished up marrying her spanker created a forceful image in my young mind. The reference by A.Z. to spoilt princesses leads me to think that if one spoilt princess and an equally spoilt Duchess had been turned over their husbands' laps and given a few good spankings, our Royal Family might not have had the trouble of the past few years. Besides, I have a sneaking feeling that the spoilt Duchess might rather enjoy it.

I find julie Holmes articles both interesting and informative. She is absolutely right to say that antique shops and car boot fairs are good places to pick up accessories for our hobby. We have picked up an old school desk and a very high stool amongst other things. In the latest edition Julie recommends that you should not ask a partner if she has ever been spanked before, as previous experiences may not have been very pleasant. This is a view I would endorse. Other than parental discipline, until I met my husband to be, my only experience of corporal punishment had been getting the cane at school from the Senior Mistress. This was not an enjoyable experience. It was very painful, humiliating and made sitting down exceptionally difficult. It has to be said that it also ensured that I have never touched a cigarette since! Had my husband suggested the cane straight off, our relationship would have never got going. In our case our spanking started in time honoured fashion with me being told that if I poked my tongue out at him one more time I would get a good spanking. What red-blooded girl can resist a challenge like that! I duly went over his knee. After a time I progressed to getting the slipper. It was me that first mentioned using the cane by taunting him that four strokes of the cane from him would not hurt as much as they had from my Senior Mistress. A cane was produced the following night and the rest is history.

Finally a bitch, and let's face it we all like a good bitch, especially as I always get the cane if I bitch. In Healthy by Temperance and Exercise, Naomi may well have a nice caneable bottom, but with thighs and tummy like that, she had not seen the inside of a gym for many years!

Thanks again for a great magazine.

Yours Sincerely,

Cait

The Collector

Naturally, I collect spanking photographs from the good magazines like yours. I have done it for years. Recently I went through my collection and found that 759,607 seemed to be simply posed and 152 showed either unmistakable cane welts or were spanking pink. This is roughly 20% of the total. I was pretty critical. Some might say that the percentage was slightly higher.

It also struck me that the 152 were enjoying what was happening to them, whereas many of the others did not know what they were missing.

Yours,

R.D.
London

First Lines

I was fascinated to read the article by Julie Holmes in *Februs* No. 9, entitled 'Ten things you really want to know — but don't like to ask.' I loved the illustration which accompanied it too — the girl looking quizzically back over her shoulder, knickers by knees, at a hand holding a hairbrush.

Yes — it is difficult to know how to get a spanking relationship going. One does risk embarrassment. If I'd read Ms. Holmes's article fifteen years ago I'm not sure I'd have held out much hope. The first three questions: 'Have you ever been spanked?', 'Can I spank you?', and 'Will you spank me?' are all said to be NO-NOs! Given fifteen years of often robust spanking experience I am sure I can provide some rather better opening lines which HAVE worked. Your readers might be interested.

First, it is probably wise to leave things alone on the first and second meeting — dates or whatever.

By then one will probably know a bit about the other person which could be put to good use. In my experience it is the first line that is important. All it takes is a bit of knowledge of the other person's foibles. You've been talking about work, family, interests — and somewhere in all of that the woman has let slip a few unpaid tube rides, drunken experiences, mistakes at work, things undone or forgotten, unpleasant things done, and so on. Pick one — not the worst or the one you think she really might feel bad about but one with a bit of humour or silliness about it, and say 'You should have had your bot-

tom smacked for that,' or (if feeling more confident) 'I'd have put you across my knee and spanked you for that.'

These statements gauge responses. There are, of course, a million and one different replies. A raised eye, a look of horror, a giggle, a look which says 'Oh, you're into violence are you,' and so on. But the initial statements which you have made are not irretrievable. You have not branded yourself a sadist. You're just given a view of retribution. You've made an opening — and this, after all, was what Ms. Holmes article was about. You have to be able to measure the response, but how do you do it?

Well, I can think of a few I've had. The ones which led to nothing include the old favourite, 'You and whose army?', 'Don't be ridiculous', 'Oh, yeah!', and 'If you think I'm into that you'd better think again.' Ones which led to something include the (initially unpromising) 'When I was 12 maybe', and, 'You think you could?', 'You perv!', 'You look like that sort of bloke,' as well as the distinctly promising, 'On the bare bottom?', 'With a hairbrush?', 'Knickers up or down?' and, "I might like that!' You measure the response.

Your next line, depending on what you've just heard, could be threatening but friendly, 'The NEXT time I hear about . . . you'll definitely be across my knee,' or perhaps, 'You'll find out that I am very good at wielding the hairbrush.'

I suppose at this time in this letter you might like a few details of my spanking experiences. I can say that these methods have worked for me. Back in 1980 there was Sue, 5' 11", 30 years old and black hair. Her response to my, '. . . I'd have put you across my knee,' was, 'Oooh, I haven't been spanked since I was ten.' One thing all us spankers know is the importance of "buzz-words", spanking and bottom are two classics. 'Across my knee,' is a gentle opening using neither. If the response mentions one or the other, or maybe "knickers" or "hairbrush" then, believe me, you are in with a shout. My response to Sue was, as I recall, 'Well it's about time you were spanked again!' accompanied by a glinting glare. Dinner at her house the following weekend culminated in a revisitation of the spanking theme. 'So it's 20 years since you had a smacked bottom,' a first attempt across jeans, a visitation to the bathroom, then the bedroom, a bare-bottomed session and uproarious sex. Sue is the only woman with whom I have ever had a "knee trembler", as I believe it is called.

Thus followed a fancy dress party at a friend's house. Sue was à la St. Trinians, and after returning home I gave her blue knickered bottom a hairbrush spanking to remember, she stood, we embraced . . . and there it was. To answer Ms. Holmes's ninth question, 'Are you expecting us to have sex as well?' Well — yes, actually. Both Sue and I did.

Since Sue and I split up — friendly, but final, and no recriminations about smacked bottoms, I've had half a dozen relationships where spanking has been involved. I won't bore you further with them, but they all got off the ground with the phrases I mention in this letter. The key is a gentle opening which leaves you, and your intended, a way out but also a way further in. All Ms. Holmes's questions then become meaningful and, up to a point useful, but not until then.

Richard Buckingham

Maid Service

For my recent fortysomething birthday I received a surprise present: A maid. Settling me in the lounge with a drink my wife disappeared to transform from wife to sexy servant.

Everyday leggings and a baggy shirt were replaced by crisp white blouse, short leather skirt and a neat apron. High-heeled sandals accentuated long shapely legs.

It soon became clear that Judith's interpretation of her role was less as a servant and more a tease. Most of her "tasks" seemed to involve bending, my appreciative gaze revealed a delightfully firm rear wrapped in soft black leather.

Scarcely had I adjusted to that temptation then she'd lean across me, revealing a generous Wonderbra cleavage and the sensual aroma of sophisticated perfume.

This was working wonders at tightening my trousers but doing nothing to get my empty glass filled. I decided to take charge. 'While you're lovely to look at, this servant/master relationship seems to be getting seriously distorted,' I quipped, rising and grasping her hand. A knowing smile told me this was the moment Judith had been planning.

I led her to the sofa, sat down and pulled her unprotesting across my knee. For an unhurried session it's an ideal position. Judith can lie comfortably, upper body on the cushions, bottom nicely centred on my lap. Her legs stretch invitingly out horizontally to the right and everything is, so to speak, nicely to hand.

'A good spanking should restore a little discipline around here,' I added. I felt Judith shiver at the mention of the S word.

With a little difficulty, but plenty of cooperation, I raised her hips and pulled the short skirt up clear of

Letters

the target area, covered, appropriately, by a pair of French knickers.

These I langourously smoothed over the rounded curves, resisting the temptation to pull them down. When spanking is a prelude to sex, anticipation and ritual are all-important. My hand roamed between her legs, making contact with the warm treasure within, then slid across black suspender straps to her stocking tops.

The appreciative noises and wiggles emanating from my maid increased as I traced the sheer, glossy stockings all the way to her stiletto heels to her back.

Time for action. I began to smack the pale cheeks. Every forty or so slaps I'd break off to allow my hand to soothe, stroke and explore. The old combination of pleasure and pain.

Within ten minutes my method was working its usual magic. Judith's hips undulated on my lap. Groans followed an exploring hand's withdrawal, yelps from reapplication. With my left hand I grasped the French knickers and pulled them firmly up into her cleft before turning my attention to the now bare lower cheeks; alternating smacks one to the other, working from the crown of the buttocks to the top of her thighs.

Judith was by now owner of a very hot, pink bottom and pleased for a respite, offering a unique service in return for the chance to cool her reddened rear. She slid from my knees to kneel on the floor in front of me. Flushed, blouse half undone, skirt around her waist, she looked gloriously dishevelled. With a coquettish smile she leant forward and reached for the zip of my trousers.

After a pleasant interlude that made a welcome alternative to blowing out candles. I sent her to stand in the corner, hands on head, while I refreshed myself with a drink and admired my still visible handiwork.

'Will you beat me again, sir?' she asked. 'Yes.' I replied. 'Will you thrash me severely?' she enquired

in a nervous but excited voice, still facing the wall, her speech trembling as she got deeper into her chosen role.

'In view of your attempt to make amends I'm prepared to be lenient,' I replied, 'Six hard strokes of the cane will suffice. You'll receive them in the bedroom.'

'I'm ready now, sir,' she responded, tugging down her skirt and leading me out of the room and slowly up the stairs weaving her hips enticingly.

In the bedroom Judith removed her apron, lifted her skirt and stood meekly before me, hands behind her back, eyes downcast. 'Where do you want me, sir?'

From every possible angle in every conceivable position, was my unspoken thought but that could wait just a bit longer.

For the first stroke I had Judith place her hands on her knees and bend forward in the centre of the room. Her French knickered derriere jutted invitingly and soon felt the smart of a medium hard stroke across the centre.

Next I made her stand, skirt off but knickers still intact, about two feet from the base of the bed. Feet together, legs straight and hands grasping the bedrail. A pair of taut cheeks took two strokes, slightly lower and harder than the first, in rapid succession. She gasped, gripped the rail tightly and involuntarily danced on the spot as two blazing lines stung her tender nates.

Knowing full well the penalty for rubbing or pleading she held the position with some difficulty. In this heightened state of arousal Judith's capacity to absorb punishment is greatly increased; I decided to exploit the fact.

'The final three,' I announced, 'and they're going to be hard ones. Knickers off and onto the bed.' Decorously she removed her panties and knelt, legs apart, pushing out a glowing bottom striped by three painful, parallel red lines.

The final trio of strokes were delivered hard, at 15 seconds intervals, across the lower cheeks. Judith cried out as each one beat into her well punished rear and immediately after the final cruel cut she slipped forward spreadeagled onto the bed.

Gripping the sheets as the throbbing pain encompassed her striped cheeks and save for stockings and shoes, naked from the waist down, she spread her legs wide and said throatily: 'Forget maid service and turn me over.' I did, Judith drew her knees up and pushed a pillow under her ravaged bum, it was time to service the maid.

Yours sincerely,

E.A.
London

If you would like to write to us, please address your letter to:-

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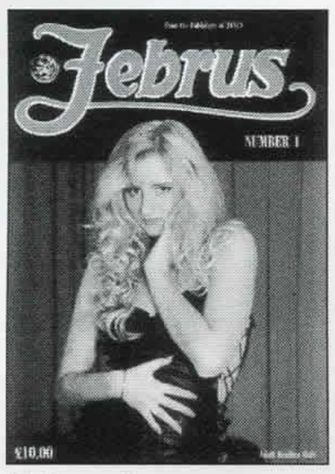
London W1V 5PB

Februs SOMETHING NEW

As a **sister** magazine to *Janus*, that most famous (and some would say infamous) of CP publications, *Februs* offers an intriguingly different yet complimentary vision of the world of spanking and CP. Produced by former *Janus* illustrator, Paula Meadows and published by the *Janus* organisation, *Februs* provides a more feminine and personal perspective on the subject that fascinates us. Besides a full range of contents, each issue includes many superb original drawings by this uniquely gifted artist.



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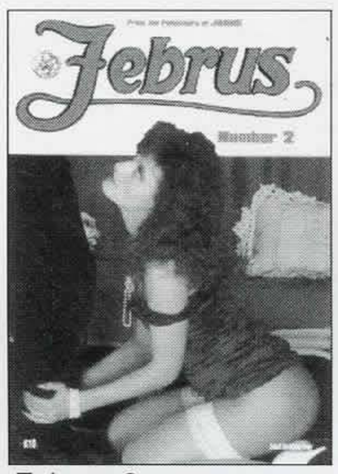

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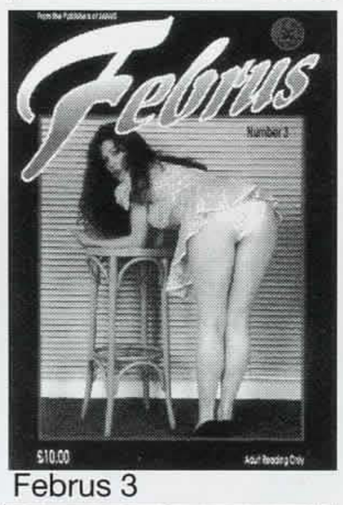

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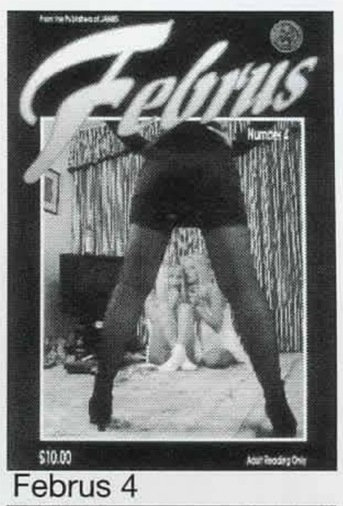

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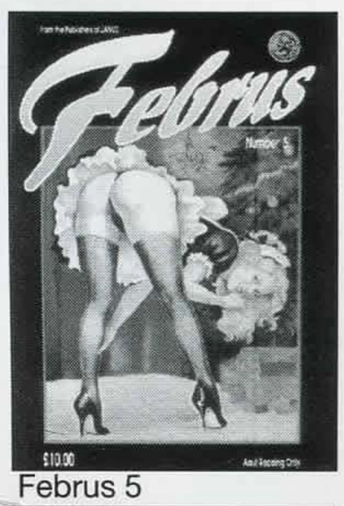

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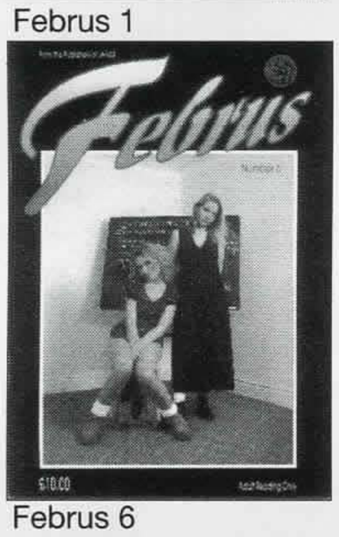

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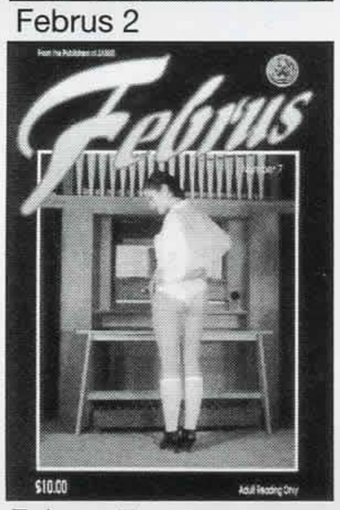

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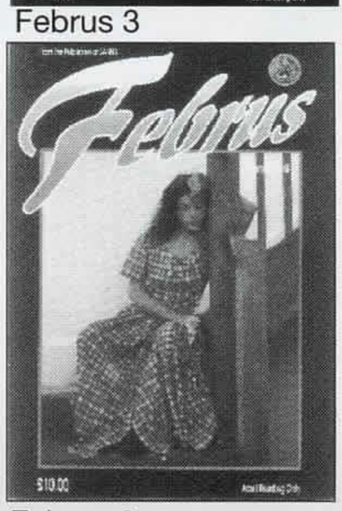

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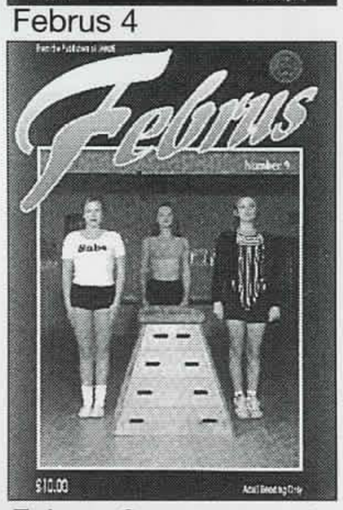

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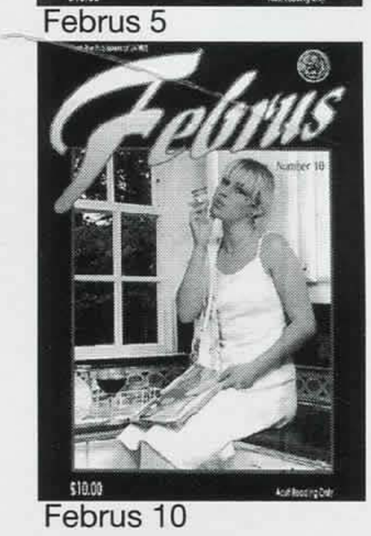

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GORDON SERGEANT
Club Secretary

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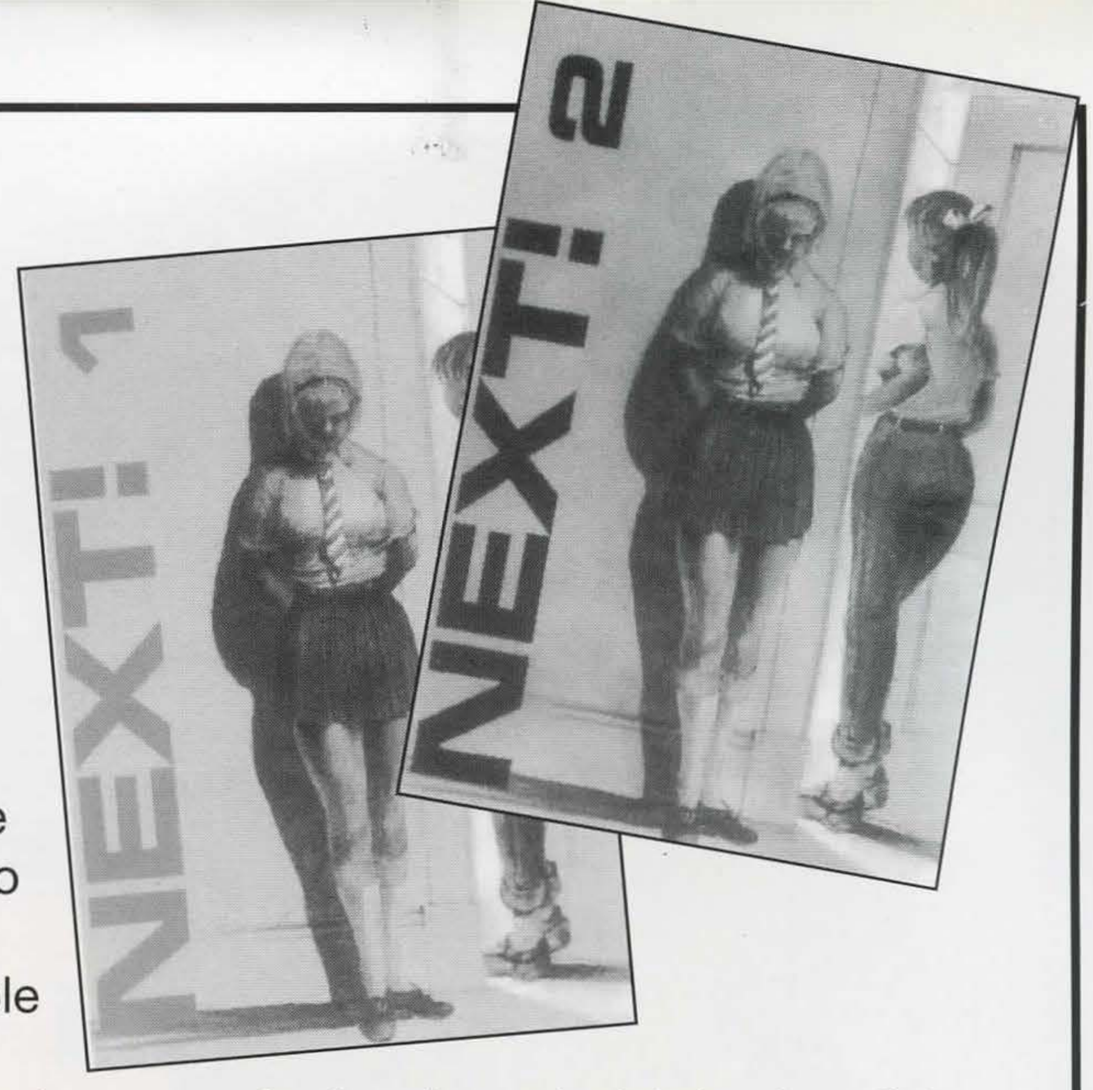

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